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U. S. & Foreign Bureaus

Newspapers: Karl Burton
Washington, Chicago, Los Angeles, Detroit, Atlanta, Boston, Dallas, Houston, Denver, San Francisco, Seattle, Ottawa, Montreal, Toronto, Lawrence, Louisville, Chief of Correspondents.
London, Paris, Rome, Berlin, Madrid, Johannesburg, Mexico, New Delhi, Singapore, Buenos Aires, Manila, Ceylon, Colombo, Hong Kong, Saigon, Taipei, Tokyo, Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Aires, Madrid, Caracas, Chief of Correspondents.

Publisher: H. R. S. Phillips Jr.

Advertising Director: William W. Hoffman

Subscription Rates: To the U.S., Canada and U.K. Postmaster: accept for sale at special rate of \$5.00 per copy. Single copies: 15¢. Annual subscription: \$5.00. Advance subscription: \$4.00. Please address all correspondence concerning Sports Illustrated to: Sports Illustrated, 250 Madison Ave., New York 17, N.Y. Change of address: Please send notice. Please name magazine and full address (including zip code) on change notice, or state exactly how magazine is addressed. Change cannot be made without old as well as new address, including full name and address. This notice, the publication time, year, postage, advertising, printing and binding & book, chairman, Maurice V. Mason, President, Roy E. Lisher, Executive Vice President for Publishing, Howard Black, Executive Vice President and Treasurer, Charles L. Sullivan, Vice President and Secretary, D. W. Birmingham, Vice President, Bernard Brown, Alex Greer, Andrew Houdart, C. D. Jackson, J. Edward King, James A. Loefer, Ralph D. Paine, Jr., P. L. Perreault, Chief of Staff and Assistant Secretary, Arnold W. Carlson.

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- 4 SCOREBOARD 26 THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT 44 COMING EVENTS
22 EVENTS & DISCOVERIES 32 FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR 52 THE 15TH HOLE
66 PAT ON THE BACK

SI presents a literary discovery:

38 NEW NATURE ESSAYS BY DR. WILLIAM J. LONG

One of America's great naturalists and outdoor writers, virtually unpublished for more than a generation, appears posthumously in the first of a series of newly discovered works, *Learning from the Fox*. With illustrations by ARTHUR SINGER.

33 SPECTACLE: BASKETBALL FEVER

A happy documentary in color photographs by MARK KAUFFMAN of the very basketball, just now, taken over with the high school set.

33 THE HOOSIER MADNESS

Anecdotal it seems Indiana—a state-wide mania for basketball. How it affects the high schools, the university and one particular team at the height of the season is told by CHARLES W. WHITE.

34 THE MAN ON HIS BACK WAS BOBO OLSON

Tradition insists "they never come back," but it was Bobo Olson—not Sugar Ray Robinson—who lay on the canvas for an awfully final count of 10. A ringside report in words and pictures by BUD SCHULBERG and ILY FRANK.

34 SKIING: A BUILDERS' YEAR

All over the nation new lifts are going up, new trails are being cut on resorts blossom like flowers in the snow. ERNA BOWEN reports on Snow, Vt., as an outstanding example of how a skiing center grew and lists pertinent data on other resorts across the nation. With two pages in color by TOM FRISSELL.

35 SPORTING ART: THE RACQUET CLUB

As the first in a series on notable collections of sporting paintings, SI presents the magnificent works which decorate New York's exclusive Racquet Club. With four pages of reproductions in color.

THE DEPARTMENTS:

- **Hobbes:** JIMMY JEROME asks: Would you take a coaching job at a college that had de-emphasized athletics at the once-mighty University of Pennsylvania has done?
- **Tip from the Top:** CARY MIDDLECOFF gives some sound advice on how to hit the green.



COVER: SNOWY SKIERS

Photograph by Ormond Gight

The skiing holiday in America, once a clabby affair confined to a few grim amateurs and a scattering of beisterous, muffer-wrapped snow bunnies, has grown into a colorful institution in which some 2½ million people indulge each year. Nowhere has this growth and change been more apparent than in Snow, Vt., where Holiday Skiers Billy Andre of Montclair, N.J. and Josephine Thaler of Kitzbuhel, Austria are pictured at the head of the Mt. Mansfield trails. For the story of Snow and the men who changed it from a tiny farm village into the biggest ski resort in the East, plus a report on new ski facilities built in America this year, turn to page 48.

Advertisements on page 48

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

PREVIEW: THE BOWL GAMES

For the millions who will see them live and on TV, a guide to the bowl games. Scouting reports on the eight teams competing in the Orange Bowl, Sugar Bowl, Cotton Bowl and Rose Bowl, a gallery of bowl coaches in color and an intimate word picture of UCLA's great Red Sanders by Joel Sayre.

CHRISTMAS RECIPES FOR SPORTSMEN

President Eisenhower, Ernest Hemingway, King Faisal of Iraq and other famous sporting figures present their favorite recipes for an exotic and unusual Christmas table.

PLUS: A REPORT ON CORTINA D'AMPEZZO, SITE OF THE WINTER OLYMPICS, WITH FOUR PAGES IN COLOR BY JERRY COOKE AND TEXT BY HORACE SUTTON.

**JIMMY JEMAIL'S
HOTBOX**



JIMMY JEMAIL

The Question:

Would you take a coaching job at a college that had de-emphasized athletics as the once-mighty University of Pennsylvania has done?

PAUL BRYANT



**Head coach
Agricultural and
Mechanical College
of Texas**

"I would love the job under the following conditions: That my employers, the alumni and players understand that competitive athletics were de-emphasized; that the school had that kind of schedule. This set-up would eliminate the one thing that isn't fun about coaching now."

ART LEWIS



**Head coach
West Virginia University**

"Coaching has been a great pleasure in my life. I really have fun—working with boys. I'm in football because I love what I am doing. Sure, I'd coach at a college which had de-emphasized if there were no pressure, win or lose. No one hounds you and your job is not in jeopardy if you lose."

RIP ENGLE



**Head Coach
Penn State**

"Yes, providing other conditions were agreeable. De-emphasis or emphasis is a matter of degree. If teams have the same degree of de-emphasis, then they can compete on an equal basis. Coaches want an even chance of success, something Steve Sebo hasn't had this year or last. But his day will come."

JESS HILL



**Head coach
University of
Southern California**

"Yes, if the schedule included only teams with a similar attitude. In all fairness to the players and the coach, a de-emphasized team cannot be expected to compete against a larger squad of more talented players who have the benefit of a longer period of training by a larger staff of coaches."

ANDY POLNEY



**Head coach
Tulane University**

"I'm not familiar with Penn's policies. I do know that every coach wants to compete on a fairly even basis with opposing teams. If this is possible, de-emphasis has only relative meaning. But if it isn't possible, the coaches and players hardly can enjoy or benefit from losing every Saturday."

EDDIE ERDELATZ



**Head coach
U.S. Naval Academy**

"Yes. It's important to win because competitive spirit makes football the game it is. The primary job is to develop character. As Grantland Rice wrote: 'For when the One Great Score comes to mark against your name. He writes—not that you won or lost—but how you played the game.'"

RAY ELIOT



**Head coach
University of Illinois**

"That is difficult to answer. De-emphasis has so many shades of meaning and implies much. In the college to give preferential rank to the coach? Is the college going to schedule schools of like caliber with equal emphasis on athletics? These and other questions would first have to be answered."

WERNER EUBANK



**Head coach
Baltimore Colts**

"Certainly. I coached a de-emphasized team at Washington University. We won 14, lost 4. I was backfield coach with Al Kelley's de-emphasized Brown University team. I took the Colts faced with a rebuilding job. Steve Sebo of Penn will win his share of games in the Ivy League."

RALPH JORDAN



Head coach
Alabama University

"Yes, because of the happy hours a coach spends with his players. I'd still have the chance to work with men who would still give competition. But it would be wise to have an understanding with the alumni. The schedule should also be de-emphasized, and teams of equal caliber scheduled."

JOHN MICHELSEN



Head coach
University of Pittsburgh

"I would not hesitate if the scheduled teams were of comparable strength. It's unfair to all concerned, and especially to the players, to play a major schedule with inadequate material. I wouldn't send out a team, week after week, to play opponents against whom they didn't have a chance."

WOODY WOODARD



Head coach
Southern Methodist University

"It was my good fortune to coach in a high school, a college with a de-emphasized program, and a university with a top international schedule. In each instance, I have seen boys develop into outstanding citizens because of football. I'd be happy coaching, regardless of the size of the program."

NEXT WEEK:

Are bowl games good or bad for football?

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TIP FROM THE TOP



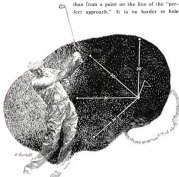
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The one word I think best describes the faults of the average golfer is *overreaching*. If there is a secret to golf, it is to know one's capabilities. My advice is never to overextend even if a particular hole or situation seems completely hopeless. Play within yourself, and you will be surprised how often the cup seems to come to you.

Let us say you have a fairly long approach shot. Nine times out of 10, you are much better off playing for the middle of the green instead of for the flag. Whenever you sit down after a round and review it hole by hole, you will find that when you went for the flag, you usually missed the green entirely or ended up in a sand trap. How much wiser it is to give yourself a larger target to hit: the whole green. And really, even on that exceptional occasion when you play a fairly long approach right on the line to the pin, what do you gain? Generally, you still end up just about as many feet from the cup as you do when you succeed in hitting the area around the center of the green. Concentrate on hitting the green. The cup will come to you.

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NEXT WEEK: JOHN BATTENI ON WHIST PUTTING



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YEARS AHEAD IN ELECTRIC TIME

WIND FROM THE PUBLISHER

AMONG SPORTS, skiing seems to have a special holiday quality, perhaps because it requires snow—a symbol of the holiday season even in those parts of the country where there isn't likely to be any. But there are other reasons. Unsuitable for most backyards, skiing for most of the nation's 2½ million skiers calls for the time to travel to the places where the valleys and the mountain slopes are white. And the closing of schools for Christmas vacation has become one of the signals during the past 20 years for an ever-growing number of skiers to take to the hills and get the season started in earnest.

One place they'll be heading for in the East is the elaborate ski center around Stowe, Vermont. In this issue **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** presents a portrait of Stowe, the place and the people, the runs and the lifts. This is the first of a continuing series of SI visits to the world's ski resorts. Others already scheduled are in Japan and in Oregon at the Timberline Lodge. This issue also marks the 1955 debut of the **SNOW PATROL**, which will be a weekly meeting place for skiers, including reports on snow depths and recent snowfalls, expanded this year to include the kind of shop-talk you're likely to pick up in the lodge at the end of the descent about races, carnivals, crowds and the latest changes and experiments in equipment. A new feature is the weekly **SKI TIP**, aimed at alleviating such ski problems as "chattering" on turns, "swimming" at high speeds and "reading" snow.

The high point of this ski season is of course the Winter Olympics at Cortina (Jan. 26-Feb. 5) and SI's reporters and photographers will be there. They have already thoroughly scouted the site. Next week's issue will have four pages in color of the town, the surrounding mountains and Cortina's **SPORTING LOOK**, as well as suggestions on things to do besides watch the Games; our Jan. 30 issue will appear on the opening day with a color gallery of contenders and **PREVIEW**, detailing the events, courses,

prospects and what to watch for.

The accompanying drawing, from a photograph SI's Jerry Cooke made of the cable car to the start of the giant slalom race at Cortina, is on the Christmas card we sent this year to subscribers who received SI as a Christmas gift. To them, to skiers and to all our readers—holiday greetings from all of us at **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**!



Harry Phillips



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100-Mile Race, Duquoin, Illinois,
New Track Record, September 5, 1955.

•
500-Mile Race, Darlington, North Carolina,
September 5, 1955.

•
200-Mile Race, Milwaukee, Wisconsin,
September 10, 1955.

•
100-Mile Race, Memphis, Tennessee,
October 2, 1955.

•
111-Mile Race, Las Vegas, Nevada,
October 16, 1955.



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EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

MR. HELFAND LOWERS THE BOOM • MANNERS OF THE CROWD—TENNIS •
FAREWELL TO HONES • NEW ADDICTION IS THREAT TO OUTDOORMEN •
A WORD TO IKE ON CROWS • BOXER PUNCHES WAY THROUGH CURTAIN

BOXING'S DIRTY BUSINESS

Action in New York

THE INTERNATIONAL Boxing Guild is a kind of managers' syndicate which set itself up a little over three years ago with the intent, as Jack (Doc) Kearns put it, to run boxing without interference from the likes of state athletic commissions. And, with local chapters in principal boxing centers, the Guild very quickly did come to dominate the sport, at least in matters outside the purview of Frank Carbo, boxing's underworld boss. It grew so powerful that the International Boxing Club (James D. Norris, president) confessed itself helpless to get fights for those who, like Vince Martines, the grounded welterweight (51, May 30), had incurred the Guild's disfavor.

Since last May, Julius Helfand, sometime racket buster and tyro boxing commissioner in New York, has been taking a long, hard look at the Guild. On Monday he handed down a decision:

After next January 15 anyone who belongs to the Guild's New York affiliate, the Boxing Guild of New York, will have his license revoked or suspended "upon the ground that such membership is an act and conduct detrimental to the interests of boxing generally and to the public interest, convenience and necessity." The International Guild is outside his jurisdiction, Helfand explained, but a copy of the ruling will go to other state athletic commissions.

"I hope," he said, "that the states will honor the ruling of this commission." When a manager is suspended in one state it is customary for other states to refuse him a license, too. And it is quite possible that other states will now take a good look at their local

Guild chapters. A federal grand jury is doing so in Cleveland.

In handing down the ruling, Helfand reviewed what his investigation had turned up in seven months of arduous questioning of reluctant Guild officials, some of whom flatly refused to testify and shrugged off loss of their licenses. The Guild, he said, had "arrogated to itself the conduct and regulation of boxing in New York" (just as Jack Kearns had said it would) and, if permitted to continue, would "reduce the commission to an empty shell subservient to the whim, caprice and dictates of the Guild."

Though managers may not associate with known criminals, they have done so, Helfand said.

"Here the sinister and shadowy figure of the notorious Frankie Carbo emerged," he related. "Perhaps one of the most elusive personalities in the

field of boxing, Carbo has an extensive criminal record. A number of Guild managers admitted under oath long association with Carbo, but denied that they knew what his business was or even where he could be found. . . . It is significant and worthy of comment that these very managers who admitted intimate friendship with Carbo, kept no records of their finances, no bank accounts and did business strictly on a cash basis."

The Guild was "underhanded and dishonest," he charged, in taking \$17,000 from Ray Arcel, a promoter, assertedly for advertising in a conveniently created magazine but actually as a payoff for "cooperation" in supplying Arcel with fighters. The device, Helfand said, was a "sham." No one could be found who knew what happened to the \$17,000, paid in cash.

continued on next page

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

The receding rivals of Georgia Tech and Georgia have been handed a brand-new argument which some have been quick to use: "Look see, why do you want to go to these Georgia schools? They are bound by segregation regulations and won't be playing much in the way of national schedules from here on out."

The rivalry between World Champion Juan Manuel Fangio and Britain's Sirling Moss, reaffirmed last year when both drove for Mercedes, can be counted on to provide some first-class racing dash in 1956. On the heels of Moss's decision to drive for Maserati (52, Dec. 12), Fangio last week signed to drive for Ferrari.

Though Nashua's new owners—expected to be named this week—may choose to retire him to stud, there is still a chance of another Nashua-Savage contest. Both horses have been nominated for the \$100,000 Santa Anita Handicap on February 25.

The Los Angeles Rams, a patchwork of the aging and the young stitched together by Freshman Coach Sid Gillman, was pro football's Western Division on the last day by beating Green Bay 31-17. They meet the Cleveland Browns, Eastern Division winners, for the NFL title in Los Angeles on December 26.

University of Chicago, once terror of the Big Ten, eased a step nearer toward intercollegiate football, with which it has been incompatible since Horlicks days. A faculty committee recommended that Chicago begin with a "free-lance" (nonconference) schedule, perhaps as early as the 1957 season.

Taking a tip from the successes of such U.S. athletic emigrants as Mel Whitfield and Jesse Owens, Czechoslovakia has dispatched its famed distance runner, Emil Zatopek, and his javelin-throwing wife Dana on a muscle mission to India.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued from page 15

after Honest Bill Daily, Guild treasurer and manager of Martinis, deposited it in a New Jersey bank.

And in other ways, Helfand said, the Guild showed its colors:

Its officers displayed "startling and abysmal ignorance" of its operations, unable even to say what bank held its funds. Out-of-state managers were compelled to "out in" a New York Guild manager before they could get fights in New York. Boxes had to pay the Guild \$100 from each television purse, "an illegal tribute."

And so, Helfand concluded, the Guild is a "malevolent influence" on boxing, which "depends upon the confidence of the public in its rectitude and honesty," and acts as a "continuing menace to the integrity of boxing in this state."

That won't necessarily be all, he added. The commission is contemplating other rules for the protection of boxing. They are now under study.

Thus ends Phase One, just about a year after SI began its continuing report on boxing's dirty business. There are, of course, other phases to be considered. One of them might have to do with Jim Norris, whose name sputtered off the agile tongue of Murray (The Genius) Frank, lawyer for the Guild, during a bitter denunciation of the Helfand ruling.

"Jim Norris testified that he had associated with Carbo, too," Frank pointed out. "Is Helfand going to fire Jim Norris?"

The question raised echoes of Norris' testimony last May before the Helfand inquiry. Hear him now:

Q. (by Helfand) Do you know Frankie Carbo?

A. (by Norris) Yes.

Q. How long do you know him?

A. Twenty years.

Q. Have you ever discussed the promotion of any fights with Mr. Carbo?

A. No, I haven't.

Q. What is Mr. Carbo's business, to your knowledge?

A. I couldn't answer that.

Q. You don't know?

A. No.

Q. In 20 years you haven't been able to find out what his business is?

A. I am not a social friend of Mr. Carbo's, Mr. Chairman. I know Mr. Carbo. I talk to him. I have a cup of coffee with him occasionally . . .

Q. Where do you see him around?

A. You might see him any place.

Q. Where is any place? Where do

you usually run into him when you do see him? At a fight?

A. No, I haven't seen Frankie at a fight in many years. I can't really say that I ever saw him at a fight.

Q. Did you see him at the Santos-Gavilan fight in Philadelphia?

A. He was down there.

Q. You saw him there?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Have you ever discussed with Mr. Carbo fights or fighters?

A. No.

Thus Norris' testimony was a deadly parallel to that of the Guild managers who swore that they had known Carbo for years but never discussed with him that subject which was uppermost in the minds of both—boxing.

Fine Jim Norris! Attorney Frank raises a good question.

THE TENNIS CROWD

I CAN SAFELY predict," said James Higgins, a portly, gray-haired, middle-aged man who has been a Madison Square Garden usher for a quarter of a century, "that there will be no trouble here tonight. This is a refined crowd with a special character of its own and even if some gang of ruffians was to come through the door, which I doubt, they'd soon sense the mood of the crowd and slip into the same mood themselves. In other words, there will be no commotion or ballaboo or Bronx cheers, as the saying goes."

Mr. Higgins was speaking of the crowd of 10,000 that turned out last Friday night to see the professional tennis debut of Tony Trabert against Pancho

Gonzales, feature of a program that also included Ilse Hartwig and Pancho Segura. As Mr. Higgins safely predicted, there was no trouble. The professional tennis crowd is not very different from the amateur tennis crowd. And yet it seems a wonder in Madison Square Garden, where a wide range of crowd moods reflects the swiftly changing sporting scene. This night it was tennis, tomorrow basketball, these nights later professional wrestling.

In the silence that falls over the 10,000 as the tennis play begins, the pings and pongs as ball meets racket are like rifle shots and the telegraph keys high in the press box make an ungodly clatter. The vendors move up and down the aisles silently mouthing, "Cold beer? Cold beer?" or stage whispering, "Peanuts? Popcorn?"—these being the very same hawkers who will be bellowing their lungs out to make themselves heard above the roar of the wrestling crowd a few nights hence. A father hisses to a small boy, "Cut it out, Roger!" and Roger hisses back, "He hit me first?" A blonde girl in a mink coat hurries along an aisle and remarks too loudly: "I can still smell the home show!" There is a burst of applause, not for her, but for Tony Trabert. A white-haired woman in Seat 2, Row A, Section 108 is fast asleep.

An official runs out with a yard rule between games to check the height of the net and there is a feeble attempt to give him the bird, but the crowd catches itself in time. A ball lodges itself in the loudspeakers high over the court and the crowd seizes the chance to explode into laughter. A ball sails into the crowd and a spectator catches it, but the crowd does not cheer as it would at Ebbets Field. Once, inexplicably, there is a sudden, irrelevant, raucous yell from high in the gallery. The logs turn, look up and frown, and the offense is not repeated.

The swiveling head, the polite applause, the moderate cheers at set's end, these are the crowd's trademarks. "But mind you," says James Higgins, who has seen them come and go for 25 years now, "you'll find no more rabid fans in any sport. Here a few years ago didn't we have a professional tennis card on the night of a blizzard? And didn't they fill the Garden to the rafters?"

"GREATEST OF THE GREAT"

NO DISCUSSION of baseball's greatest players over the past 50 years could ever get off the ground until someone had said, "I mean—said to



NOVICE

*To the top of the slope
The skier was lifted;
They'll find him, they hope,
When the snow is lifted.*

—BARNEY HUTCHINSON

Honus Wagner, who was the greatest?" Then the argument could really get going about Ruth and Cobb and the others.

As Casey Stengel once said, "With Wagner, there weren't any 'bats.' He was the greatest. Period."

When Honus or Hans (his real name was John Peter Wagner) died in his sleep at 81 last week, the tales were told again of this strong and gentle athlete who did not look like an athlete at all and yet was, all things considered, the nearest approach to the perfect baseball player that the game has ever seen.

Of all the tales told, one illustrated better than any other the quiet courage of Wagner, who was, by nature, a kindly, peace-loving fellow. It was in the 1909 World Series and Ty Cobb had singled, then yelled to Wagner from first base, "I'm coming down, Krauthed!" Wagner nodded and smiled and said so softly that Cobb could not have heard him, "I'll be waiting."

And he was waiting when Cobb came flying into second base, spikes high. Sidestepping at the last instant as gracefully as a matador, Wagner tagged the fearsome Georgia Peach squarely on the mouth.

Wagner was never highly paid by today's standards; his top salary was \$10,000 a year. "But," he used to say, "there was no income tax then and a glass of beer cost a nickel." Nor did he collect many trophies during his peak years. There was a cup for the 1908 batting championship (it is in the Hall of Fame at Cooperstown along with his locker from Forbes Field in Pittsburgh), and there were a few other mementoes here and there. Most of them were stored away in the attic of the Wagner home in Carnegie, a suburb of Pittsburgh. There was just one plaque that old Honus had hanging in his bedroom. It was presented to him at Forbes Field last year by Mayor David L. Lawrence of Pittsburgh on behalf of the Pirates, the club with which Honus had spent 30 years as player, coach and coach emeritus. Honus must have been pleased with what it said:

"To Honus Wagner, greatest of the great, as an enduring tribute, from the Pittsburgh Baseball Club in sincere appreciation of an unmatched career, in which loyalty, honesty, high character and sportsmanship were combined with playing skill, to make him a champion and a source of endless good to baseball, the Pirates, and the City of Pittsburgh."

SYSTEM FOR THE HORSES

TAKE a woman to a race track when she is in tune with the occult—that is to say when she is wearing a new hat or has just beaten Supermarket A out of 4¢ by driving four miles to Supermarket B—and watch her pick horses on which to bet your money. She will not really use a form sheet—although women have been known to hold one and rattle it now and then. Women pick horses by comparing the jockey's colors to the bathroom wallpaper, by sticking pins into their programs and by closing their eyes and aiming their lipstick at the track as the field parades.

They win by these methods, particularly if the odds are greater than 5 to 1. There is no explaining why—they just do.

It has remained for Britain's gray-haired, energetic Lady Zia Wernher, however, to pick a winner while sound asleep; one night last spring she dreamed that a 3-year-old filly named Meld won both the Thousand Guineas and the Oaks—two of England's five classics. Meld did so—by exactly the number of lengths, in each case, which Lady Zia had predicted in describing her midnight vision. Lady Zia bet almost nothing on the races, although she did wager a token £10 on Meld in the St. Leger—which she knew the horse would win even without dreaming of it. But her experience was profitable enough—she owns Meld (which also won the Coronation Stakes at Ascot) and this year has amassed £46,345 in purses, an alltime record for an Englishwoman, and has replaced Queen Elizabeth as Britain's top owner of the year.

Just what all this proves is difficult to say but it must prove something perhaps that since women are known to be unpredictable and horses are also known to be unpredictable, it may be possible to take the little women to the track, feed her greenbacks, allow Unknown Quantity 1 to cancel Unknown Quantity 2 and come away with a haul of money.

URANIUM FEVER

LIKE most fishermen, Alva A. Simpson used to bear patiently with the usual protests from his wife whenever he set out on a little weekend search for trout in the mountain streams around Santa Fe. For all his patience, though, the protests bothered him. Even if the fish weren't biting, his wife's remarks were. But eventually he

solved the problem, and in a rather simple way—with only an outlay of \$30 for a Geiger counter and the announcement that he was out to make the family fortune. The counter went with him on his fishing trips and so did his wife's blessing.

Unfortunately the Geiger counter just about ruined his fishing. He began to watch the needle jump, and pretty



soon the cutthroat and the rainbow became less attractive than uranium. In such unlikely places as the Truchas Peaks north of Santa Fe, around Cordova and Taos, he began to stake claims, not only for uranium but for mica and beryllium as well.

Simpson was New Mexico state welfare director then (about two years ago), but now he is president of United Western Minerals, whose officers include people like Jack Whitney and Pat Hurley. It is one of the West's biggest uranium outfits.

"Some of my friends," Simpson says, "have chided me about giving up sport in favor of business. But they're all wrong. It's just that uranium hunting has turned out to be a more exciting sport than almost any other kind of hunting I've done."

That's as may be, and there are certainly those who would disagree with Simpson, among them perhaps his field superintendent, Big John Verna of Pueblo, Colorado. Big John was an elk hunter mostly. He owned a grocery in Pueblo and when the hunting season arrived he would just close the store for the duration. He has collected a huge jar full of elk's teeth as mementoes of his prowess and some of his heads have record-breaking spreads.

Verna began in the usual way, by taking a Geiger counter with him on hunting and fishing trips, and pretty soon he had the uranium fever. It gnawed at his conscience and he still has a little remorse about it.

"I even began buying a bull license, then would forget to shoot my bull," he confesses. The uranium sickness disturbed him a good deal, chipping into his hunting time that way, but Big John finally solved it with a neat compromise. He sold the store, joined Simpson's outfit and has a humane understanding with the company that he can quit uranium hunting for a few days any time other kinds of hunting

continued on next page

continued from page 17

or fishing look too good to be passed up by a moral man. Now he has found some wonderful, untouched fishing streams in Utah and intends to make the most of them before the state starts advertising them and the tourists pour in. Came across them while uranium hunting.

Geiger counters—and mine evaluators and ore analyzers—have become standard merchandise in quite a few sporting-goods stores of the Mountain time belt. They can be rented for \$5 to \$20 a day, and it is possible to buy a cheap Geiger counter for as little as \$15 or a scintillation counter (much more sensitive to certain types of radiation) for as much as \$500 or more. These have become common equipment in saddle packs and tackle boxes of western outdoorsmen.

While some, such as Simpson, have abandoned themselves to uranium, others seem to be able to take it or leave it alone. It takes stamina, but a determined, strong-willed man can cure himself of the uranium urge without joining Uranium Anonymous. Jerry Rogers is one who has done it. Jerry made a fortune in oil and natural gas and retired to Farmington, New Mexico, to hunt and fish.

Then he bought his first Geiger counter. He saw the needle jump and heard the clicks click. Pretty soon he was finding things. He located five major mines in Utah alone before it came to him one day that he was working full time at uranium, none at all at fishing. The realization shook him up hard.

A few weeks ago Jerry quit uranium cold turkey. Apparently the withdrawal symptoms are not as bad as some might think. He band today is as steady as a nonscintillating rock. He bought a nicely wooded and watered estate near Jackson Hole, Wyoming, and pledges serenely that from now on he will do nothing but hunt and fish.

IKE AND THE CROWS

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER, according to dispatches from Gettysburg, has a "cattle caller" mounted on his golfmobile, and when he sounds it, his prize Black Angus come running. The President also has five coveys of quail on the farm, released there by a commercial hatchery, and when he wants to stir them up, remind them that they are on their own feeding now, he fires his shotgun into the air—and the quail

get the idea and beat themselves.

So far so good. But now the President also has what is described as a "crow call." It is alleged to make a sort of "caw, caw" sound when he blows into it. He did blow into it the other day and, although there are large flocks of crows around the farm, none showed up. The President is hereby respectfully advised that none ever will—unless for the purpose of laughing themselves sick. Crows are the smartest and most elusive birds alive, and crow calling is a life work. Some hunters in Maryland (E & D, April 4) have made a notable success of it, but only after the most intensive study of crow language, the building of elaborate crow blinds and the donning of fantastic camouflage.

Ike Eisenhower has invaded and liberated Europe. He has carried most of the 48 states. Our advice, Ike, is rest on your laurels—where crows are concerned, that is.

AFTER SIX YEARS

JOSEPH PAUL PIETRON is a strapping 21-year-old Polish boy who decided six years ago on an ultimate aim: escape to Western Europe and freedom.

Pietron reflected that top athletes sometimes got a chance to travel. For two years he pursued skiing, soccer and basketball, only to judge that he would never be quite good enough. In

1951, he took diaphanous stock of his physique (he was 6 feet 2 inches tall then, weighed 265 pounds), and decided his best chance was as a heavyweight boxer. It was a good choice. By 1953 he was top heavyweight in Katowice Province, by this year the No. 2 heavyweight in Poland. At long last, Pietron recently made a team for a tour of West Germany.

At Herford, second stop on the itinerary, he simply failed to show up when his team was ready to leave. Said Joseph Pietron: "I'd rather be an auto mechanic in the West than the biggest man in Communist Poland."

THE WARMTH OF ENTHUSIASM

IN CANADA's thriving professional football league the Edmonton Eskimos have again made off with the Western Conference title and the Grey Cup, swept on by an enraging, surging tide of home town enthusiasm.

The Eskimos won the Western title November 14 when they won their second straight of a three-game playoff with Winnipeg's Blue Bombers 26 to 6. The game was played in Edmonton's 20,000-seat Clarice Stadium before 12,000 unbeatable fans.

"Only 12,000 fans showed up for a championship home game?" you cry.

Friend, the game was played at night, it was blowing, and the official temperature was zero.

SPECTACLE

BASKETBALL FEVER

It's an old story in Indiana and other midwestern states, but now the mania is spreading in places like North Carolina

Since its invention a half century ago, the game of basketball has become as solid an American institution as Sunday dinner. Particularly at the high school and small-town level, it is a source of enormous civic pride: sometimes the seating capacity of the gymnasium matches or exceeds the town's population. It is a romantic affair as well, for there is almost always a dance after the game and then a soda-fountain and jukebox rendezvous. But most of all there is the game and its excitements, captured on the pages following in Mark Kauffman's color photographs taken in Charlotte, N.C. during games between Lee Edwards High of Asheville and Central High of Charlotte and between Alexander Graham and Piedmont Junior highs (scrambling for a rebound on opposite page). High school basketball began its boom in North Carolina five years ago in the wake of a flourishing college game there. For all of that, there is still no place like Indiana (see page 28).

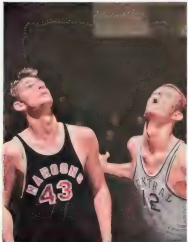
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK KAUFFMAN





Deadly seriousness of the struggle is reflected in the faces of the players as furious action is halted momentarily when the ball goes out of bounds

Openmouthed agony of suspense and watchful waiting create a tableau as Charlotte and Asheville players watch foot shot arching toward basket





Leaps, yells and applause by home-town cheerleaders wearing the blue-and-white colors of Charlotte's Central High greet a basket that is, for this instant, all that matters in the world



Swirling red skirts of junior high school students give promise of an adequate supply of cheerleading talent for the years to come

THE HOOSIER MADNESS

Basketball in Indiana is an obsession with far-flung psychological and social effects. Look, for example, what happens in Muncie

by CHARLES W. WHITE

WHEN THE LAST FLOCK of wild geese has flown over the last football game of the season, honking faintly as if to bid farewell to shivering fans below, a segment of this vast American audience feels rather sad about the winter outlook. College and professional basketball is the main fare. To many of this group basketball is but a casual and poor substitute, a sort of numbers game of shooting and hitting or relaxing, a business of 10 men without identities running about furiously; a game, in fact, without real drama or emotional buildup, unless by remote chance one has some money on the result. Disbelievers merely wait for spring and the New York Yankees.

Not so in Indiana, where this is written. Here things are very different indeed.

When the high school basketball season gets under way, it isn't just a matter of a few good games but a universal state-wide civic and sociological movement, a manic preoccupation that seizes Indiana and will grow and grow in some 750 town gymnasiums until the finals at Indianapolis in mid-March. During the 1954-55 high school basketball season, according to the office of L. V. Phillips, commissioner of the Indiana High School Athletic Association, total paid attendance at sectional, regional, semifinal and final games (to say nothing of the Friday night local games) was 1,483,231 persons, for a total ticket take of \$787,727.83. And, as any harassed high school principal such as Loren Chaetain of Muncie Central will tell you, most of the people involved in these statistics are adults, and they are the ones who make the most trouble.

This has been going on now for about 30 years. High school basketball gets bigger and bigger, creating new gyms, which cost millions and seat amazing numbers—3,250 at Noblesville, a town of 6,867 (1950 census); 8,200 at Elkhart, pop. 35,646; to the 15,000 at Butler University Field House in Indianapolis where the state finals are played. It has grown thus not because increasing numbers of happy high school kids love basketball but because their taxpaying parents and aunts and uncles have insisted on it. More than one school principal has lost his job because he couldn't produce winning teams for the honor of his village or, more likely, because some local big shot lost out in closely guarded local drawings for state tournament tickets.

"The effects on classroom work are terrible," says Mary Fisher, a Muncie, Ind. teacher. "The kids get so excited before a big game that you can't do anything with them." Miss Fisher showed courage in putting this opinion on the record. Most teachers would rather not be quoted on anything having to do with basketball.

Drive through any Indiana town on Friday night and you will find streets deserted; everyone is either at the local game or inside watching on television. Out in the country the farm lot backboard and net are as familiar a sight in Hoosierland as pumpkins in the fall. Nobody in a town like Muncie would think of building a garage without a hoop on it for the boys, and in high-class residential sections expensively paved and equipped basketball courts are common. This devotion to basketball among young and old becomes a gripping and seemingly delightful obsession. Town pride, of course, is involved. All sports are considered vaguely noble and uplifting, but with basketball in Indiana there's more to it. Hoosiers themselves don't quite understand why all this is, but they seem to be proud of their basketball mania as a distinctive trait, like the Tennessee hillbilly's love of hound dogs.

"It's just our tradition," said a man in John Rotz's drugstore on East Jackson Street, Muncie. "It's something everybody does." Mr. Rotz, perhaps an asceticist, observed that there isn't much else to do in Indiana in winter-time. Mayor Joe Barelay, a white-haired manufacturer and ardent fan, believes basketball is a fine thing because "it takes people's minds off their worries, allows them to let off steam." He knows what he is talking about: on the night of a big game he has to put on extra policemen and firemen to control crowds of fans who get up impromptu victory parades, go horn-toting down Main Street and frequently set fire to the city's wastepaper boxes. Fights occur during and after games.

Robert S. and Helen Merrell Lynd, who used Muncie as the typically American city they called "Middletown," took note of the annual fever that seizes upon Indiana citizens in their famous social study. They saw basketball as a form of community boasting.

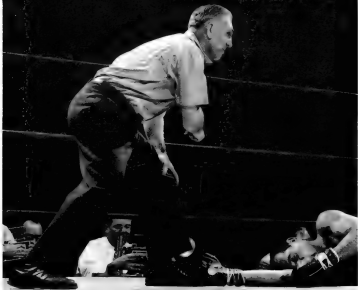
Two main values, the Lynds said, are involved:

"One is assurance in the face of the baffling too-bigness of European wars, death . . . business worries, and political graft; the bigness of it all shrinks at a championship basketball game . . . the whole business of living in Middletown suddenly 'fits' again, and one 'belongs'; one is a citizen of no mean city, and presumably no mean citizen.

"The other purpose served . . . is the more tangible one of bolstering the crucial getting-a-living activity by which the city lives and prospers." For a present-day example one might cite pages of advertisements at tournament time in which merchants congratulate the local team and urge them on to victory. Or elaborate displays in downtown

continued on page 45

COUNTED OUT:



A MAN'S CAREER

Shortly months ago Middleweight Champion Bobo Olson was considered so skillful a ringmaster that he was being matched, on paper, with Heavyweight Champion Rocky Marciano. But on Friday night 27-year-old Bobo ran into the fists of Sugar Ray Robinson, 35. The fight, and very likely Bobo's career, ended in round two.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HY THACH



SAN FRANCISCO WASN'T TOO SURPRISED

The boxing fans least surprised by the downfall of Bobo Olson were those of his home town. Before the fight last week an SF correspondent wired this summary of reflections along Leavenworth Street, headquarters of the Sweet Science in San Francisco:

"Olson is being sued for divorce by his wife, who claims the once-home-loving Bobo has been wandering.

It's no secret that Bobo, in recent weeks, has been a frequent visitor to bars, though it is claimed he hardly ever drinks spirited liquors. He doesn't say much but seems to like the atmosphere. Some local critics believe he is ripe to lose the middleweight title."

For a triumphant Sugar Ray Robinson and Budd Schulberg's account of how he came back, turn to page 36.



CHOWING DOWN at Lake Placid, U.S. Bobskidders—left to right: Maxine Flagg, Jim Burkhead, Lloyd Miller and Larry McKilip hopefully try to gain weight for the Olympics.



GAG CHIEF Jack Kramer serves spaghetti on tinplate racks to members of his troupe in Leona's New York restaurant. His cheer—left to right are Pascho Gonzales, Pascho Segura, Tony Trabetti, Rex Hartwig.

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

NOTES FROM ALL OVER



CROWNING JOCKEYS Left to right: Hedy Woodhouse, Hank Merens, Conn McCrory, Mike Daniels and Eddie Arcore scuffle a time before entrained audience at the annual Jockeys Ball.



BOXING BUFF Dr. Joyce Brothers, winner of *Jeopardy!*, gets hand from friends left to right: Marty Sommer, Tony Cassonetti, Gus Lernerich, Bob Olin, Mirloy Walker and Eddie Eagan.



BONIFACE JAKE LaMotta, former world middleweight champion, talks to some of the guests at grand opening of his Miami Beach salon. On the wall is what Host LaMotta lovingly describes as "a pitcher with a merial."

In or out of season, citizens of the world of sport like to relax. Here, displaying a variety of expressions for a variety of reasons in a variety of places from Mexico to Michigan, is a light-hearted cross-section of them



SPORTING EYEFUL, a 254-pound sailfish, is proudly displayed by Actress Jane Russell. Jane, on vacation, landed the sailfish after a battle off Acapulco, Mexico.



HAPPY HOPALONG Curley, Ohio State halfback, and his wife pose with Helman Trophy, presented annually to outstanding college player by New York Downtown Athletic Club.



HOT EXECUTIVES El Pearson, A. D. Chisholm, Lyle Boyd, John Crawford and Bob Pearce cool off by gunkeling in the snow after taking a Finnish sauna while on a hunting trip in Alger County, Mich.

WONDERFUL WORLD realized

PRO TENNIS HITS THE CANVAS

Tony Trabert made his professional debut last week in New York against Frankie Goncalves as Jack Kramer's sponge moved up a big-ambition ball.

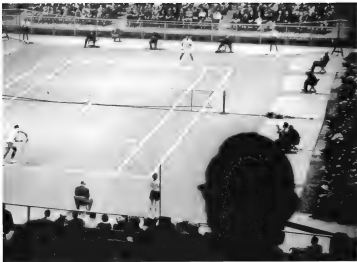
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK LEWIS

TRABERT SERVES TO GONCALVES IN THE OPENING SET OF MIDGUM SQUARE LAMSON MATCH WHEN WHO FLAMED



RUSHING NET. Trabert was in action full with the backhand volleys that Kramer calls the fastest he has ever seen. Tony won the first two sets but faded off and lost match 3-2.





ON PREVIOUS KANSAS PORTABLE COURT, CANVAS COURT IS HELD TIGHT BY 25 PILES OF BAGS AND TACKS.



HARD-HITTING Gonzalez (left) serves while Trabert steadily rises on balls of his feet. Pancho (above) strains lustily for passing shot by Tracy. (For more on the match see page 43.)

THE RETURN OF LUIS MIGUEL

Spain's brilliant matador Luis Miguel Domínguez, in retirement for three years, triumphantly returned to the bull ring as he was awarded four ears and a tail before an ecstatic crowd in Maracay, Venezuela

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK WALFISMAN

Leaning forward on the tips of his toes, Domínguez gets ready to plant the first pair of banderillas between the shoulders of the hard-charging bull





Calling to the bull, Domingo begins a perilous pass called the *ganero*.
After killing the bull, he strides around the ring in response to wild ovation of the crowd.



A LITERARY DISCOVERY

The editors of SI proudly present the first in a series of hereto unpublished essays by one of the great American naturalists of the 20th century



ILLUSTRATION BY ARTHUR SINGER

LEARNING FROM THE FOX

by DR. WILLIAM J. LONG

THREE were four veteran fox hunters and some young hopefuls in my native New England town when I was a small boy. From the veterans I learned—at times by overhearing their talk at the village store, more often by following at a discreet distance when they went afield—that they loved hounds above all other animals, and that in their ears the clamor of a pack in full cry was the sweetest of music. They hunted the red fox exclusively, the putiferous gray not having yet appeared in our locality; but their pleasure in the chase was more than merely harking to bound melody. When on tired legs they turned homeward in the brief winter twilight, every one of them, even the sorefooted hounds, felt much better if the brush of a fox floated like a banner from a pocket of the old shooting jacket.

Long before I was considered old enough to enter the fox-hunter clan, I had learned a little of fox ways by watching the cubs play around their den and by trailing many a grown fox in the snow to find out what game he ate and how he caught it. One of my small-boy discoveries was that a fox, after hunting all night long, usually retires in the dawnlight to rest or sleep near the den where he was born. All red fox cubs desert the den in early summer, when they begin to follow the vixen afield, and I have never known one to enter it again, not even when chased by dogs. In the autumn they scintillate to hunt by and for themselves; but for some reason (by force or early habit, possibly) they spend the daylight hours in a place that is associated in their minds with the feeling of home and safety.

Remembering this early lesson when at last my turn came to hunt, I kept the hounds in leash, or trained them to follow

at heel, until we were near a recently used den, instead of letting them waste the better part of a frosty morning by roaming at random or by puzzling out a cold trail. Often it happened that they jumped the fox in a few minutes after they were turned loose.

One lucky day while trailing a male or dog fox (you may be sure of that last because he cocks a leg like any proper dog or wolf), a gleam of ruddy color caught my eye, and there was my fox, curled up in his day bed. Unlike bears, that hide away in thick cover, or gray foxes, that often den up for the day, a red fox habitually sleeps where he has a clear outlook on every side. This one lay on a granite ledge from which the sun and his own body heat had melted the snow. He was just a formless mat of fur, golden bright, like a gorgeous rock pheasant half hidden in a white nest. After watching him a while I purred lips to squeak like a woodmouse, his favorite dainty in the way of food. At the first skrek-skrek up came his head, its black nose, yellow

eyes and furry ears pointing straight at me.

Since then I have occasionally gone fox hunting with a .22 rifle when a holiday and a tracking snow lured me into the winter woods. This new kind of sport, he assured, is quite as thrilling as the stalking of any other wary game. If you hit the trail of a fox near the beginning of his nightly hunt, you have a long day ahead; for he travels far, and what reward you bring home will be hidden where a fisherman carries his best catch, not in his creel but in his heart. If luckily you hit the trail where the fox turned with full stomach toward his day bed, what you then bring home will depend on how carefully you stalk and how straight you shoot.

By way of friendly warning
continued on next page

About the author



DR. WILLIAM J. LONG

To the present generation of Americans, Dr. William J. Long is hardly a familiar name. Some 50 years ago this Congressional reformer, naturalist, explorer and writer was one of the best-beloved and most controversial figures of his day. His fiery arguments with Theodore Roosevelt as nature subjects made headlines; his 38 books, on wildlife were familiar to children and adults everywhere, and his *History of English Literature* is still a standard work in present-day high schools. After his death in 1952 at the age of 84, his daughter, the writer Lois Long, discovered a shelf of never-published works in a sale in his Stamford, Connecticut home. It is these essays which *SE* is now privileged to present. A collection of these and other works by Dr. Long will be published by Doubleday & Company, Inc. in the coming year.

LEARNING FROM THE FOX

continued from page 53

let me add: never follow directly in the tracks of game, but keep well to the leeward or downwind side. A sleeping fox, like a sleeping deer, watches his back trail, knowing by instinct or experience that an enemy may follow it. And if you would make your sneak very mouse-like, press two fingers against your lips and pull your breath in sharply between them. This call seems to be magical to a fox, even to one that is gorged with food.

One summer day I left my tent on the Cantor River in Newfoundland to carry some letters to the nearest port of call. On the bank of a narrows little river I was searching for a place to feed or to jump when a motion that was not of the wind froze me in my tracks. Across an opening on the other side drifted a head that looked foxy, and I gave the mouse call. Bushes quivered as if a great snake was crawling through them. They opened silently; and there, hardly five yards away, stood a fox with roused head—a black fox, with every hair of his back fur tipped with frosty whiffs. He was one of the only two silver foxes I have ever seen in the wild. He had answered my call not because he was hungry, I think, but because he had seen a man for the first time and was as inquisitive as are all his kind.

Years later, on a winter outing in the Ontario wilderness, I camped near a ridge that for ages past had been a denning place for foxes. One evening I wound up an alarm clock, found in a ranger cabin, and covered it with dr boughs beside a runway. Next morning there was a ring of tracks around the clock, with depressions that told where

two or three foxes had sat down to watch and listen. Evidently the tick-tock was a new sound in that vast solitude, and they wanted to know what it meant.

Aside from the fun of trailing game in the snow, any sportsman may in a day or two learn more than by a whole season's hunting. One lesson that soon became obvious, even to the boy, was that a fox hunts slowly, going at a leisurely trot until his keen nose picks a whiff of scent from the air. Invariably he stops, holding motionless until he locates the direction of his game. And then roods up to it as if walking on eggs. And the moral was, as now I think of it, that sportsmen who train bird dogs to run at top speed are heading the wrong way, because it is a wholly unnatural way. At field trials I have seen excellent running dogs that burst with their legs, as the trainer intended; but I got far more pleasure from a dog that hunts with his nose, as nature intended.

HE LIKES TO RUN

Another early lesson—this one learned by following the fox hunters but keeping out of sight because they did not want a boy to spoil their sport—was that a red fox, unlike the gray, keeps on his feet instead of taking to earth because he likes to run. I have known one fox that came on a winter night to yap-yap his challenge at a pair of kennelred hounds—the same hounds that had chased him only a day or two before. The red fox is by nature cunning; his lean body has plenty of muscle, and he can be amazingly fast, like a red streak across the snow, whenever he

has need of more speed. So he runs ahead of the hounds, hour after hour, with the notion in his foxy head that he can both outwit and outrun his dog enemies. I have yet to see the hounds that can catch him in a full chase.

The nearest approach to a chase occurred when I went out, after a 10-inch snowfall, with a grand pair of slow-running hounds. They jumped a fox and trailed him among echoing hills all day long; at nightfall, when I turned homeward, they were still running. Next morning I went out, and by sheer luck—for there was no trailery to guide me to a runway—saw the fox on a steep hillside with one silent hound following only 20 to 30 yards behind. Both were walking in the deep snow, the fox too tired to run, the hound too tired to give tongue. Somehow the fox scrambled over the rocky crest of that last terrible hill and vanished. Under the crest on this side the hound fell down, and it seemed to me that he was asleep when he hit the ground. I carried him home in my arms, a dead weight. The other hound, his brace-mate, was carried up on the stroke of his kennel, and he, too, was dead to the world.

Like every other wild animal, a fox has his own range, which he regards as home, and it is next to impossible for hounds to drive him out of it. When he reaches his limit in any direction, he invariably turns back. The only exception is a tramp fox, this name being applied to a male or dog fox that in late winter leaves his own range in quest of a mate. If he finds one he stays on her range and follows the new runway as if he had known them all his life; otherwise he heads back to his home range, after emptying his stomach to lighten his heels for the long run. In a few minutes he takes the hounds out of hearing, and you will not see them again that day.

Of all the lessons learned in boyhood the one that most elated me, naturally, was that the foxes had some runways and crossings of which the veteran hunters were unaware. How it helped me to become an honorary member of the fox-hunting clan happened in this way:

Chief of the clan was the Squire, a peppery and profane old gentleman with a toddy-blossom nose and goaty

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SUGAR RAY—A WILL AND FIVE INSPIRED SECONDS

by BUDD SCHULBERG

IF THE FIGHT GAME is show business with blood, Sugar Ray Robinson is its Beech, its Barrymore, its Brando. The manly art may have its sunny side, but it will survive its scandals because it is still the closest thing to Russian roulette we have in sports. A ball team plays for keeps every day, a golfer plays his heart out, but it is only in the prize ring that fame and fortune, disgrace and despair, hang on a single night, a single round or five inspired seconds that turn champions into bums and seemingly used-up contenders into legends.

Last Friday night in Chicago, as Sugar Ray Robinson *disappeared* in his corner waiting for the opening bell, while Champion Bobo Olson performed a jerky stationary jog in the opposite corner, tension alienated the crowd and touched even the veteran sportswriters who expected to see the ruin of the greatest boxer of the '40s and '50s. He had been our Discus, our Cane, our Leonard, an unbeatable welterweight and middleweight who could make the moves that reminded the old-timers of the masters. To see him feint with his shoulders, move in, slide away and counter, to see him put combination punches together faster than any ring-sider could count them, to see him hook off the jab and then throw the straight right hand, was to see what the whole complex sport of boxing is all about.

But the years were supposed to have stolen the matchless grace from Sugar Ray. In this same Chicago ring 12 months earlier he had looked flat-footed and ordinary with Tiger Jones. Then Castellani had knocked him down and the satin-black man with the once-marvelous legs had had to call on a champion's memory to game it out to the final bell.

So the smart money said the twice-champion of the middleweights could never make it back. Hell, they *never* come back, remember? In the half-century of glove fighting it had never happened, and Sugar Ray with all his pride and cuteness had shown nothing in his comeback campaign to suggest

that he could succeed where Corbett and Fitzsimmons failed.

So the money boys set the prize on Olson at 17-5 and, despite the nostalgic interest in Ray's adventure, it became very nearly an out fight. Not a single sportswriter or manager, as I wandered around at the weigh-in ceremonies, could see it any other way but Olson. Sugar Ray might outstep him for five, six rounds, give him a little boxing lesson maybe, but then Olson would plod on and Ray's 34-year-old legs would stiffen and the damper of the '40s would burn down and out.

Just the same, the slender, almost delicate body of Sugar Ray looked nicely conditioned. The years were riding him with light rein tonight. Same tense, lean, handsome face. Same light-footed rhythm as he stared across at dull-faced Bobo Olson and waited for the bell to send him out for the desperate hour.

As they joined combat, I couldn't help thinking of something another former champion and great technician had said to me about this big try. It was Willie Pegg: "Don't forget Robinson took him *two* out of two. That's batting a thousand. You got a big edge on a guy when you know you set him down twice. I give Ray a helluva chance."

Ray Robinson, fighting for his third middleweight championship, gave himself a helluva chance. From the moment they touched technique-red gloves in a meaningless token of courtesy, Ray took charge. He jabbed, he moved back out of danger, he countered with a quickness of hand, he sucker-punched Olson into right-hand leads. And then when he had finished the series he had planned for the occasion, he paced himself by grabbing the out-thought Bobo around the waist. It was beautiful to watch, an old pro at his best; score and rest, score and rest again. Robinson had won the first round by a 10-9 margin. His eyes were sharper than Olson's, his hands so quick that the defending champion seemed ponderous. Ray's style of fighting seemed



ROBINSON IS HEATED NOW AS MEDICAL

to say, "I'm smart and you're dumb. This is a battle of will and intellect. I master you."

In round two, Bobo shuffled in with reckless right hands that wheezed over Robinson's shoulder. Sugar Ray was working him like his old gilded self. Even when Olson nailed him, Ray shook it off and *beard*, sliding under Olson's chops and firing his shots with the precision of a quick-elbowed fencer. "Maybe his legs won't hold out," an expert observed, "but it sure is lovely while it lasts."

A few seconds later a boxing precedent was flattened, along with the methodical champion. Sugar Ray crossed his right hand over Bobo's left. Olson settled from the punch like a foundering



ADJUTANT DR. NARDIELLO BUSHEL (LEFT) TO CONGRATULATE HIM AND OLSEN MANAGER ED FLAHERTY STARES MOBBILLY THROUGH ROPES

ship. The next punches were as fast as you could say bing-bing-bing-bing. A left, a classic right uppercut, another left. Down went the surly champion of the middleweights. Olson sobbed and floundered. When the count reached ten, Sugar Ray was once again the middleweight champion, the only man in ring history to win it back twice. Now the tension in him burst like a dam. He sobbed uncontrollably. He was so happy. His five managers held him aloft. He wept unashamedly, as the fallen Bobo wept the night he stopped Turpin to win the title.

In the dressing room Sugar Ray, half legend, half vaudevillian, was composed and articulate. After his poor showing against Tiger Jones, it had

taken his last ounce of will power to keep going, he said. At times, with so many people ridiculing his comeback it had seemed like a nightmare. "But I came to Chicago knowing I had did everything it was possible for a man to do," he grated. He thanked the few sportswriters who had not sold him short. He thanked God. He thanked his loyal wife Edna Mae. He thanked Lou Radzinda, the Illinois Boxing Commissioner, "for where it's a pleasure to box." He thanked Jim Norris. He thanked Joe Glaser, "my agent, who has offices all over the world and is now negotiating for the sale of my life story."

To these skeptical ears, the Ray Robinson third inaugural speech was

Chautauque oratory, Professor Archie Moore style. In the old days a fighter was a man of many blows and few words. Nowadays they may have to take out cards in Actees Equity. But during the five or six precedent-shattering minutes he was in the ring, Sugar Ray, like Basilio a week before, proved that a boxing champion is a symbol of what the human will can do under terrible duress.

When the fight was over the respective wives of the contestants spoke their pieces.

"New Sugar is a living legend," said Edna Mae Robinson.

"Maybe this will put some sense into his head, and he'll stop being a play-boy," observed Mrs. Olson. (ENR)

MOTOR SPORTS

by KENNETH RUDEEN

IT WAS A BIG FERRARI WEEK AT
NASSAU AS A SPANISH MARQUIS
AND A CALIFORNIA ENGINEER
SPLIT THE TOP RACING HONORS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOM BURKHEAD

THE Bahamas Speed Week on the Windward Course in Nassau is an invitation to blazing speed. Laid out on the asphalt runways of a World War II airfield, the course is three-and-a-half miles of long straightaways on which speeds up to 145 mph can be reached, and fast turns, the slowest of which can be taken at 50 mph. It is a resume, said Sherwood Johnston, the chunky Connecticut driver, that is easy to get scared on.

Johnston was to underscore his point on Friday in the first of the Bahamas Speed Week's two major races, the 105-mile dash for the Governor's Trophy. The stars of Nassau were on a lead-footed threesome which promised exciting action: Phil Hill, the slender, sandy-haired Californian whose duels with Johnston at Elkhart Lake and Hagerstown spiced the U.S. sports car season; the Marquis de Portago, a sleepy-eyed, long-haired Spaniard, the winner of last year's Governor's Tre-

phy whose choice of No. 13 as a racing number in a sport notorious for its superstitions is an indication of the dash with which he drives, and Johnston himself. Britain's famed Stirling Moss was also entered, but he was overmatched in an Austin-Healey against faster cars.

A Le Mans style start sent the 66 contestants on their way under cloudy skies. The track was wet with recent rains. Johnston, driving Briggs Cunningham's blue-and-white D-Jaguar, spurred ahead on the first lap, trailed closely by Hill's white 3-liter Ferrari Monza. For five laps the race looked like a renewal of the Johnston-Hill duels; but then de Portago's red-and-yellow Ferrari Monza started closing in. The much-used 4.5-liter Ferrari that Hill drove to second place in last year's Pan-American road race, now gallantly driven by 50-year-old Louis Beero, a California lumberman, briefly displaced the issue; then de Portago after 12

laps was second, close behind Johnston. On the 15th, exactly halfway through the race, de Portago came too close. Barreling along at 125 mph with daylight scarcely visible between them, the cars were halfway down the 3,000-foot homestretch between the spectators and the pits when Johnston kicked the brake pedal to get set for the sweeping left-hand turn which ends the straight. De Portago's shovel-nosed Ferrari bumped the D-Jag directly from behind. Johnston skidded under the finish wire and sickeningly near the crowd before he regained control. De Portago spun completely around and coolly resumed the chase just before a cluster of slower cars came up to clog the stretch. Miraculously no other collision occurred.

Within three laps the duel was on again. His front end battered, his left headlight stove in, de Portago went ahead on the 18th lap with Johnston's D-Jag hard on the Spaniard's tail and Hill close behind. Johnston made one all-out bid to pass, then fell behind with a damaged axle stabilizer. Hill, too, tried once again, but the reckless Spaniard flashed under the wire a scant second ahead of him. Johnston saved third place from Beero, who finished nursing an ailing engine.

Of the scrape with Johnston, de Portago said: "I tried to slip-stream him;

RIP FRONT END BATTERED BY HILL NEAR CRASH, DE PORTAGO PREPARES TO LAP SMALLER CAR WITH JOHNSTON (NO. 11) CLOSE BEHIND HIM



I wanted to ride the partial vacuum behind his car to save power and then take him on the curve. But he hit the brakes before I expected it. If you cannot avoid hitting a car it is best to do it exactly from behind."

"That Portago," said Phil Hill, "he drives like a demon."

A diversion from the bitter competition among the top drivers was Saturday's short race for Bahamians. Sir Sydney Oakes, head of the Bahamas Automobile Club, trailed his pretty blonde wife's Austin-Healey in the early going and finally passed her, placing his Jaguar fourth after Lady Oakes's engine broke down. She came walking back with a crumpled nose and a piece of the engine in her hand.

On Sunday, after two days of threatening weather, the skies brightened for the No. 1 event, the Nassau Trophy Race, over 210 miles. Tensed for another wrangle between Hill, Johnston and de Portago, the crowd also had another topflight competitor to watch: Maarten Gregory, the bespectacled young Kansas City driver who was last year's Nassau Trophy winner and took the Portuguese Grand Prix during the European season. Gregory arrived late with a 3-liter Maserati, but on Sunday he was ready. Hill, characteristically, grabbed the lead at the Le Mans start, with Johnston following in the D-Jag. De Portago, slow to start as usual, made up time fast. On the ninth lap he passed Johnston. Gregory, coming up, took Johnston too, then lost his chance at the leaders when he bumped a slower car while avoiding a collision with a third machine. He was out of it at the halfway point. Hill, driving confidently and very fast in the new 3.5 Ferrari, built up a half-minute lead over de Portago. The Spaniard asked for everything his car could give, but it was not enough. Hill won easily by 25 seconds, a full half mile, and came in after an insurance lap with Johnston, out with a splashing oil leak, riding belly down on the covered cockpit beside him. His time for the 60 laps was a sensational 38:20.7 mph. "I wish I had had that car," said de Portago.

Negotiations are under way to make Windsor Field Nassau's commercial airport by next year, supplanting the currently used Oakes Airport. But the word is that even so, a third Bahamas speed week would be possible at Windsor. An event which attracts 15 Ferraris and four D-Jaguars among a first-rate entry of nearly 100 cars, as this year's did, deserves to go on. It is to be hoped that it can.

END



GRINNING MARQUIS, piddler after victory, showed few traces of his close brush with disaster. "I hit no brakes," he said after race, "closed my eyes, and pranced."



SOBER CALIFORNIAN (Phil Hill), veteran of eight years on the U.S. racing circuit,

paid tribute to his 1954 Ferrari Maserati: "It's really a hot run. It could be unbearable."

HORSES

by ALICE HIGGINS

AT CHICAGO, 75-YEAR-OLD LOULA
LONG COMBS AND 12-YEAR-OLD JOE
GREATHOUSE SHARED HONORS WITH
A CHAMPION NAMED DREAM WALTZ

THERE were more 10-gallon Stetsons than top hats at the International Live Stock Exposition Horse Show in Chicago, but there was plenty of elegance in the horse show ring and as much color—if of a different kind—as any fashionable Madison Square Garden event producer. Hemmed in by acres of cattle and booths displaying everything for the farm from lightning rods (complete with artificial lightning) to a mechanical mother feeding eight fat white piglets, stylishly attired ladies drove ponies and top-hatted gentlemen rode three-gaited horses about the tanbark in the International Amphitheatre at the stockyards.

Perhaps the most elegant competitor of all, particularly when driving a pair of horses to a phaeton with an attendant in maroon livery riding behind, was 75-year-old Mrs. Loula Long Combs. Her presence adds a very special quality to whatever show she attends, and she never fails to add to her collection of blue ribbons. In Chicago, Mrs. Combs, who has been showing horses since the 19th century, demon-

strated with ease that she is still the nation's best whip by winning more first awards than anybody—11.

The ribbons in the junior divisions were competed for with that special intensity that seems to go with children's classes. The very first class of the nine-day horse show was a horsemanship class for boys, and 12-year-old Joe Greathouse, invading the North from Kentucky, won it. A second invasion followed when 40 fellow members of Louisville's Rock Creek Riding Club chartered two Pullmans and arrived for the last day of the show to cheer on Joe and his gray mare, Blue Champagne, in the championship class.

Fifty-seven young riders had entered the big event. Mrs. Greathouse, taking no chances, was at pains to put on the same blue outfit she had worn when her son won his first-day class. Five riders on good Saddle Horses circled, lined up, worked some more, lined up, worked again. A tense hour passed and finally the decisions were announced. Joe Greathouse had won the horsemanship championship. It

was a big win for anyone, but even more notable for Joe because this was only the second time in more than 30 years that a boy had won this event. For some unknown reason, perhaps better coordination, more teen-age girls ride Saddle Horses than do boys of the same age (even though most professional riders are men) and seem, generally, to do a better job of it.

Young Joe accepted his victory with modest aplomb, but his mother's excitement was unrestrained. "When they called his number," she gasped later, "I got dizzy and everything went black. Then I started to whoop and clap; I forgot to act like a lady, but I don't think anybody around me cared, because by that time they all knew I was a mother."

The climactic event of the show was the world's championship five-gaited stake. For eight straight years the Dodge Stables' Wing Commander, with Earl Teater up, had won the award. This year the greatest show horse of all time was retired and the field was open. The Dodge Stables still had a strong candidate, a full sister to Wing Commander named Dream Waltz. Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Long's Shannondale, winner of the stake at the Kansas City Royal, presented powerful competition. Furthermore, the Dodge's trainer-rider Earl Teater was still pained with a broken leg (SI, Oct. 31). His brother Lloyd was subbing for him, as well as showing his own customer's horses.

"It's hard work having champions," Lloyd Teater said before stake eight. "Sometimes it's more fun just to have a stable of good winners. The pressure is not as bad—everybody isn't out to beat you—but I'll take the champions!"

Earl Teater couldn't agree with his brother more. "All those years that Wing Commander was undefeated—it got so everybody watched him all the time—he couldn't make a mistake, not even a little one. And he never did, but just before each class I'd wonder..."

Lloyd rode and drove to two championships—in the three-gaited stake with Thomas Corcoran's Emerald Future and the roadster stake with Mrs. Elizabeth Erickson's Senator Playboy—and then the five-gaited stake was on. Dream Waltz trotted and raked with brilliance and form, and when it was all over Lloyd accepted the ninth world's championship for the Dodge Stables. The Teater brothers again face a new year with that familiar feeling of showing champions.

The horses in the hunter and jumper divisions were not of the same high



"Here's a handy new item he probably doesn't lose. Waterproof playing cards and lead poker chips."

quality as those in the saddle and harness events, but here and there some good jumping was seen. The knock-down-and-out class, with a number of clean horses, was finally won by Donegal, owned and ridden by Miss Kay Allen of Columbus, Ohio. Two other noteworthy classes were the fine harness stake, won by Sunnyslope Farms' spectacular Lemon Drop Kid; and one of the finest junior five-gaited stakes seen in a long time, won by Sabre, a fast-moving chestnut gelding, ridden by Turk Higgins.

In between these equine events, champions of other kinds had their turn in the limelight. At every performance some of the winning animals from the livestock exposition were paraded to the music of the Stock Yard Band. This band, composed of bagpipes and drums, its members nicely attired in kilts of Buchanan plaid, led the march of Santa Gertruda cattle, prize-winning herds of other breeds and a \$16,945 Aberdeen-Angus steer named Julian. The champion wether, an imposing sheep of 102 pounds, was towed around the ring in a special cage behind a jeep; but the grand-prize winner in the porcine class, a 204-pound barrow which was sold at a record price of \$19.25 a pound, was not displayed. There was also an exhibition of sheep herding, and a demonstration of three teams of six Clydesdales, recalling the early days of the 56-year-old show when the draft horse played a major part in the horse shows held in conjunction with the Live Stock Exposition, the largest in the United States and perhaps in the world. (END)

OTHER WINNERS

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Dunn Jr. of Springfield, Ill. Their Sam Spade won ladies' five-gaited and amateur stake classes, their Rhythic Spirit the bike stake and their Macmaster Showman a class for ponies not exceeding 30 inches.

Miss Judy Bradshaw, Gray Summit, Mo. Her Mark of Samson won junior three-gaited stake, amateur youth stake and ladies' three-gaited class.

Mr. J. L. Youngblood, Barrington, Ill. His Mr. America won stallion stake, A Rarity was winner in mare class.

Miss Betty Weening, Chicago. Her So-quella won harness championship.

Mr. and Mrs. John Wahl, Rockford, Ill. Their black pair King Soilders and King Soilders won harness class for ponies not exceeding 30 inches as well as tandem event.

Dodge Stables of Rochester, Mich. Their Cora's Mite and Little Charm won pair class for ponies between 12 and 14 hands and ladies' harness pony pair. The stable's Lexington division won mare stake and world's championship five-gaited stake with Dream Waltz.

BASEBALL

by ROBERT CREAMER

SOME BRIGHT YOUNG MEN VOICED
BRAVE NEW HOPE AT THE MINOR
LEAGUE CONVENTION. BUT THE
FUTURE IS UP TO THE MAJORS

THREE DAY the minor league meetings began in Columbus, Ohio, copies of that week's *Sporting News*, the baseball newspaper, found their way around the lobby of the Daskler-Hilton Hotel and into the horny fists of several hundred representatives of minor league clubs. Almost at once an angry muttering arose, an irritable hum of dissent that blended nicely with red necks and clenched teeth. Symptoms of apoplexy were reported but not verified.

The cause of this rage syndrome was soon isolated. There, across the five-column front page of *The Sporting News* ran a banner headline: MINORS MUST SUBMIT TO TEAMS—PAUL.

The story that followed was an interview with Gabriel Paul, vice-president and general manager of the Cincinnati Redlegs. The gist of it was that the minors should stop crying about their fate, that the perennial complaint of the minor leaguers—how the majors were strangling the minors to death economically—was a smoke screen to hide lazy and inefficient management.

"As he [Paul] sees it," the story went on, "if the minor leagues are in jeopardy, as some wail, the danger is neither radio nor television. It's the 'something for nothing' philosophy [which] many of the minor league club owners have adopted. . . ."

"Minor league ball dying, huh?" Paul was quoted further, "I can remember back to 1934 when they called Frank Lane a miracle man because his Durham, N.C. club drew 50,000 in the Piedmont League. In 1932 Walter Haggood and Barney Burch owned the Omaha club, which was then in the Western League. Things were so rough that Burch had to hook his diamond-studded cuff links to attend the minor league meetings in Columbus."

There was considerably more to the article, all in the same general vein. Needless to say, the boys from the hush leagues seethed. Who did Gabe Paul think he was?

That afternoon George Trautman, the president of the minor leagues (the National Association of Professional Baseball Leagues, to be precise), welcomed people to the first of several "promotional clinics," discussion

groups at which various successful minor league executives would talk about the way they ran their ball clubs. The idea was that other executives, listening, might pick up hints and suggestions that would help them in their own operation in the coming season. Trautman prefaced his remarks with a mild rebuttal to Gabe Paul, saying that Paul was wrong in calling the minors lazy. But only about 40 people of the hundreds and hundreds of minor leaguers in the hotel were present at the clinic session, and attendance at later sessions never did top 100. Even Trautman (who could, of course, be excused because of the press of other duties) did not stay but left right after his own speech, leaving the details of running the clinic to his public relations man, Bob Pinch.

SELLING THE PRODUCT

The speakers at the clinic were the past season's successful executives (or operators, as most minor league club presidents and general managers refer to themselves). Most of them were young men, some quite young, and they had the personality and appearance of very capable salesmen or public relations men. They used phrases like "pricing the product," "selling the product" and "fighting for the entertainment dollar." They spoke of promotional campaigns, business techniques, salesmanship, customers. They presented an appearance of successful young men who were going a long way. There were a few exceptions, a couple of speakers who were more along the accepted pattern of the baseball operator—the glib wisecracker, the hustling carnival concessionaire—but by and large those who talked at the clinic were an impressive credit to the business side of baseball. What they said was rather exciting, and you felt that it was a shame that more minor leaguers had not taken time to attend the clinics.

For instance, Bob Hamric, 27-year-old general manager and part owner of the Corpus Christi, Texas club, gave a nicely ordered talk on pressroom ticket sales. Hamric and his partner, Billy J. (Red) McCoske, who is all of 23, saved

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take along
CORONET
brandy

in the
**Handy-Pack
Flask...**



baseball for Corpus Christi after the franchise, under its previous owners, had degenerated into what George Trautman called one of the worst situations he had ever seen in the minors. Hamric was a man of faith—to raise money to buy the club he even hacked his wife's diamond ring. (Ah there, Mr. Paul.) In just two seasons Hamric and McCormick raised Corpus Christi baseball out of debt into solvency, out of black despair into bright hope for the future. It is now one of the better franchises in the minors.

In his talk Hamric described the pressman sale of tickets as the single most important reason for Corpus Christi's success. But he made eminently clear that the success of the pressman sale and the overall success of the club depended very greatly on other things, too: a favorable local press, good public relations, condition of the ball park, intelligent promotion, a hustling, winning team. These are tried-and-trueisms of baseball success, but you'd be surprised how often they are overlooked and by no means only in the minor leagues. Hamric made their application to Corpus Christi seem fresh and new by describing in detail how each was achieved. Boiled down, it came to utilization of modern business techniques: hard, energetic work all day and all year round; knowledge of and attention to all facets of the operation; identification of the firm with the community's general business activity; good sources of distribution and supply (in Bob Hamric's case the Milwaukee Beavers, with whom Corpus Christi has a working agreement).

Hamric's remarks were echoed and amplified by Dewey Soriano of Seattle; Duke Zilber of Reading, Pa.; Austin Brown of Boise; Al Unser of Desatur, Ill.; Dick Wagner of Lincoln, Neb.; Harold Cooper of Columbus, Ohio; Bill Bergesch of Omaha. They talked about painting stadiums, selling family tickets, keeping rest rooms clean, taking part in community activities, making the game of professional baseball a highly attractive source of entertainment for local citizens and then going out and selling hard to the prospective customers rather than waiting for them to come to the park.

All of this was cheering and encouraging. These were the men and this was the kind of thinking that could save the minor leagues.

But a nagging doubt persisted. After all, there were only a dozen or so of the

hundreds of club executives in the minors. How many more were not painting their ball parks, were not keeping their rest rooms spotlessly clean, were failing to gather community support for their teams, were not running their clubs as lively, intelligent business operations?

Gabe Paul in his controversial interview mentioned that attendance in 11 leagues had gone up in 1965, but he failed to add that attendance in 22 others had gone down and that two leagues had folded up and quit baseball for good as the season ended. Obviously, more men of the high caliber of a Bill Bergesch, a Bob Hamric or a Dick Wagner are needed.

But how can such men be attracted to baseball as a career? Indeed, how can the ones the minor leagues have now be persuaded to remain indefinitely? In baseball one or two years of success does not guarantee continued success. The law of diminishing returns operates with terrifying speed in the nation's favorite game. Even pennant winners can have financially trying seasons. And it must be realized that the successes discussed at the promotional clinic in Columbus were achieved only after a tremendous effort by highly capable men. Such effort and success in other fields is usually the prelude to a long and prosperous career. In baseball do such men have such prospects for the future?

Dick Wagner of Lincoln was not too optimistic. "I'm only 38," he said, "but I've been in baseball for nine years. I'd like to stay in it. But the future—I don't know. You'd like a little security, and there isn't too much of it in this game."

THE NEEDS OF BASEBALL

It boils down to a set of reasonably simple theorems. Major league baseball needs minor league baseball. Minor league baseball needs sound businessmen; but it is the kind of wild gamble that sound businessmen avoid. Therefore, it would behoove major league baseball to take what steps it could to make minor league baseball more stable and less of a wild gamble. It can do this only by taking steps to guarantee the financial structure of the minor leagues, where baseball's inherent insouciance are aggravated by certain major league practices which could probably be corrected.

One week later, at the major league meetings, every proposal the minor leagues had sent on with an eye to improving their lot was turned down. Ah there, again, Mr. Paul! **END**

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TENNIS

by WHITNEY TOWER

PANCHO GONZALES ANALYZES HIS
OPENING NIGHT SUCCESS AGAINST
TONY TRABERT AND TALKS ABOUT
SOME OF HIS INWARD FEELINGS

IT WAS well past midnight before the players had showered and dressed, signed a few autographs, crammed their sweaty clothes into suitcases and finally were strolling through the eerie semidarkness of Madison Square Garden to the comfortable upstairs Garden Club. As Tony Trabert sat down by his mother and father and his good friend Vic Seixas, Pancho Gonzales stepped up to the bar, downed his third Coke, then asked for a vodka and tonic. His lanky 6-foot 3-inch body leaned gracefully against the counter. His brown eyes, with an occasional enchanting twinkle, took in the pleasant surroundings, and he spoke in a quiet tone. "I'm not really a drinker, you understand, but this vodka is good stuff. I'll take a couple after a long match because it relaxes me and helps me sleep better. Tonight I'm tired."

Gonzales and Trabert both had good reason to be tired last Friday night. For over two hours they had battled it out through one of the finest opening-night professional tennis matches ever seen. The play in this first of 100 matches between Pancho, the pro champion, and Tony, the U.S. and Wimbledon titleholder, reflected the exciting tension and drama that can only be present when two gifted athletes face each other in a fight-to-the-finish test of individual skill. In a sense the drama reached its climax in the very first set when Trabert's control of the net with one superb volley after another gained him not only the set 11-9 but also the respect and admiration of those in the audience who had boldly stated that this new young pro didn't belong on the same court with Gonzales.

Trabert's amazing mastery continued through the second set, and it wasn't until minor arm cramps slowed up his pace in the third that Pancho could discover his own winning touch, enabling him eventually to run out the victory in five sets. It was not an easy triumph, and Gonzales was the first to admit it. "Funny thing," he said after a long sip of vodka, "usually it's the new pro who gets the nervous jitters on opening night. Tonight it was different. I was nervous as hell and Tony was

cool. He played wonderfully—better than I thought he would—and in the first two sets he was passing me as nobody has ever passed me before. My first service wasn't going well until the third set, and then, when I got it under control, I managed to win—not so much because I was playing that much better but because Tony fell into errors by trying to outguess himself."

Before Jack Kramer's world tennis circus got under way, Gonzales had been widely quoted as saying that he was clearly the game's best player. Now, as he looked across the Madison Square Garden Club's bar, smiling and happy, he was still confident—but not quite as confident. "I may not know," he admitted, "for at least six matches who is the best player. I think of myself as a great competitor, a guy who tries his best always. One match with Tony showed me he must be this kind of a guy too."

The mention of the word "competitor" stirs Pancho Gonzales to a certain passion. "If I wasn't a real competitor I might not be on this tour now. I might, for instance, be starting a career as a racing driver. Sometimes I look at the tennis court and then look at my car—a souped-up '34 Ford coupe—and suddenly all I want to do is drive races and never stop on a court again. Then, just as suddenly, when I find out they're lining up a pro tennis tour, I know I'm the guy that has to play in it. When I'm home I gear myself to thinking about cars; when I hit the road on the tennis tour I change. I look across the net at the other man. It doesn't make any difference who it is—then the only thing that matters to me is that I win. That's when I like to think of myself as having a competitive spirit."

"You know what I want to do some day? I'd like to drive in the Indianapolis '500.' Driving is fascinating and dangerous. After a while I'd find it isn't as dangerous as you think if you know the car under you. Once I quit high school, where my poorest grades were in auto mechanics. Some day I may go back to school to learn more about cars. I'd love it desperately—almost as much, maybe, as tennis."

Pancho finished his vodka and went home to bed. He was tired. (END)



"I see that at a shooting parade somewhere in Brooklyn."

BASKETBALL

by ROY TERRELL

DOWN IN MISSOURI THERE'S A
GUY WHO COUNTS THE BOUNCES;
ELSEWHERE THEY'RE KEEPING
BUSY COUNTING THE SCORES

MAYBE IT HAD BEEN done before. If so, the statistician for a Missouri newspaper had never heard about it and the more he wondered the more entranced he became with the subject. After all, it was basketball season again and they counted everything else: the number of baskets, the number of fouls, the number of shots which missed, the number of time-outs. It was about time somebody counted how many times a basketball bounced during a game.

So Buddy Spillman of the St. Joseph Gazette kept his eye on the ball throughout the full 40 minutes of a game between Trenton (Mo.) and Highland (Kan.) in the St. Joseph junior college tournament—and discovered a new and slightly startling statistic: counting all dribbles, bounce passes and rebounds, the ball hit the floor 1,442 times.

Well, now we know. Last week, across the land, uncounted thousands of basketballs bounced uncounted thousands of times as the nation's colleges wound up their second big week of play. But few people bothered to count anything but the scores—the really important thing—as it seemed time for the big holiday tournaments or as teams prepared to move into conference play. And the scores, in themselves, were interesting enough.

The West. There was no reason for anyone on the Coast to revise an earlier estimate: the University of San Francisco appeared unbeatable. Phil Woolpert's NCAA champions brushed aside San Francisco State 72-47, with Bill Russell scoring 20 points and hogging 17 rebounds during the 22 minutes he was in action. The losing coach, Dan Farmer, found solace in a statistic: "Nobody else," he said, "has scored that many points on USF this season."

A little farther east, in a conference almost unanimously renamed the Sky-Line Two, Utah and Brigham Young appeared to be heading for a showdown. With artful Art Bane scoring 50 points in the two games, Utah beat Arizona 119-45 and 93-43 and earned a rather startling bit of praise. "Our defense," said Coach Jack Gardner, "was great." Brigham Young, a team with

dazzling speed and a 5-foot 8-inch magician named Terrible Terry Tobbs, repeated its opening double over strong UCLA by beating Oregon twice 72-41 and 89-32.

The South. Kentucky's 73-61 loss to Temple was the big shocker, but it only confirmed the impression left by the shaky opening win over LSU: until Bob Burrow gets back solidly on two uninjured feet—and perhaps even after that—Adolph Rupp's Wildcats are going to have trouble. Alabama continued to be very impressive by winning the Birmingham Classic behind the sharp shooting of George Linn. The Southern Conference saw a battle of unbeaten giants: George Washington, with towering Joe Holup scoring at a 30-point clip, against West Virginia, whose Hot Rod Hundley was averaging 37.

The Midwest. Iowa, the Big Ten favorite, rolled along unbeaten and had little trouble stopping SMU's victory streak 89-62. Second-ranked Illinois got off to a flying start by routing Butler 107-75—then fell flat in a 74-73 upset at the hands of Missouri. Independents Cincinnati and Dayton continued unbeaten toward their big battle Friday night in Cincinnati, and St.

Louis convinced a New York audience of its strength by stopping St. John's of Brooklyn 88-80. But the big news in the sprawling Midwest was the return to form of Ohio State's fabulous shooter, Robin Freeman. Sidelined along with his 31.5 scoring average at midseason last year because of illness, the 5-foot 11-inch Backeye had 53 points in a losing cause against Vanderbilt, then improved on that with 43 more in a 90-72 victory over Loyola of Chicago.

The East. This section's two big pre-season hopes for national prominence were Duquesne, last year's NIT champ, and Holy Cross. Both came through. The Dukes won the Steel Bowl by slipping past little Geneva 65-51 and then knocked over Pittsburgh in the title game 71-49. All-American Si Green scored 22 points against Pitt and covered the court like a heavy snowfall. But Tom Heinsohn, the graceful 6-foot-7 star from Holy Cross, had an even more magnificent night: 44 points as the Crusaders beat Yale 59-54 for their third straight.

The Southwest. Southern Methodist proved maligned Southwest basketball might not be so bad after all—even though the Ponies did lose to Iowa. They won three straight before that happened, then bounced back for an 82-81 conquest of Minnesota in which tall Jim Krebs scored 36 points. And Temple Tucker, the 6-foot-10 sophomore, indeed appeared ready for varsity competition as he led Rice to five straight victories, including convincing ones over Oklahoma and Tulane, neither considered a soft touch. **END**



HOOSIER MADNESS

continued from page 23

shop windows. Or big civic dinners for the boys when they come home, winners or losers.

Where adult personal life is concerned, high school basketball can sometimes get in the way. But basketball always comes first. Witness the case of a Muncie lawyer's wife who wanted to attend the state tournament at Indianapolis but who, unfortunately, was expecting a baby about that time.

"The doctor told me I could go," she said, "but I mustn't allow myself to get excited. So I sat real still and didn't yell at all, and everything went fine."

Dale Burgess, of the Associated Press, Indianapolis, tells about a family crisis at Anderson during sectional play leading to the Hoosier finals. A farm family had tickets for the game. One of their sons, however, died (perhaps of excitement) the day before the local tournament was to start. Worse, she had just birthed a litter of fine pigs needing attention. The Indiana farm family solved that problem by putting the piglets in a basket and taking them to the tourney, giving them their bottle between halves.

CLASSLESS SOCIETY

Burgess, incidentally, believes high school basketball goes over bigger in Indiana mainly because of the tremendous radio and newspaper publicity given to games throughout the season. It's Page One news, with streamers, especially during the finals. Moreover, Burgess says, Indiana uses the one-class tourney system, with all teams eligible regardless of size. Other states, like Ohio and Texas, break up their tournament into classes, according to school enrollment, and the excitement isn't the same.

"The thriller is the crossroads team beating the big-city school," Burgess reports. "It doesn't happen often, but just often enough. Thus, when one of the small-town teams reaches the semi-finals in Indianapolis, police and firemen of neighboring towns move in and protect the village while everyone is away."

Is a city the size of Muncie, which is a manufacturing center of some 65,000 population, attendance at games during the season is, perforce, largely via TV and post-mortem conferences on street corners. But when tournament time comes and the Beavrats are in

continued on next page

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Indianapolis, a strange miasma of joy and fear pervades the town. Radios blast out scores inside the normally hushed Merchants National Bank, and on many a store front is hung the hastily scribbled sign: "Gone to Indianapolis—Yea Bearcats!"

Last March Muncie's beloved Bearcats played Crispus Attacks, an Indianapolis Negro high school team, in the crucial quarter-final game. Both teams were rated tops by sportswriters, and the whole state talked of little else. (It is not unusual for wayfarer Hoosiers to call Indiana newspapers and radio stations from California or Texas at such times.) Muncie police estimated that 3,000 local fans drove to Indianapolis, 60 miles away, for the game. Those who couldn't get inside Butler field house could engage in parades, singing, hotel celebrations and the like.

That March afternoon, a Saturday, I sat around a local clubhouse listening to a radio broadcast of the game between Muncie and Rushville, the winner of which would meet Crispus Attacks that night. Next to me was one of Muncie's leading lawyers. An elderly insurance man sat on the sofa,

crossing and uncrossing his legs, as Muncie scored, then Rushville, then Muncie again. When a player would shoot or pass, the TV viewers would make motions with their arms, helping or guarding him, and shout with each success or failure. Or, during lulls, corporation VPs would argue learnedly over what ought to be done next by our boys in Indianapolis.

SOMEONE TO TALK TO

Muncie won 65 to 48. I walked down deserted Main Street, past Payne's Cafe where they had a purple and white floral display in the window and a sign, "Bear 'em, Bearcats!" Needing someone to talk to, I dropped in at Charlie Peterson's shoeshine stand on the corner. The stentorian rat-tat-tat of basketball was still coming in over his radio, from another game—"he shoots, he misses, ball taken off backboard by Jones," et cetera. Don Burton, co-owner of Muncie's radio-TV station, covers the games himself.

Charlie Peterson was just standing there behind his counter, brushing someone's hat. "No business," he said. "Everybody at the tournament. Or home listening. Nobody wants a shine."

I went back to Payne's for supper. At tables they were replaying the games, arguing coaches' strategy and referees' decisions. The Crispus Attacks-Muncie Central game was coming on, so I went over to the Moose Lodge, where they have a downstairs bar and TV. Men and women, young and old, were gathered cozily in the smoky darkened basement, eyes on the TV screen. Here there was much joking and laughter, broken by sudden tense silences. The Bearcats scored, and two elderly ladies embraced. Attacks scored, and there were oops, oohs and meens. The Bearcats scored, and a man pounded me on the back jovially, and I agreed it was fine.

It was nip and tuck, but I had to leave the Moose to go over to the police station on a reporting errand.

I didn't leave the basketball game behind me. Looking into the Main Street Grill, I heard cheering and got word that the Bearcats were still ahead. At the police station the boys were gathered around the TV. An unbidden and apologetic stranger came up to the sergeant's window, asking to see someone, possibly the chief. Whoever it was he wanted to see, the man was in Indianapolis. I walked down the street, stopping in at Nick's, a Greek tavern with neon lights in front. Here I saw something nice. Paul Thomas, a local theater manager who hadn't been able to get an Indianapolis ticket during the drawings at the high school, was sitting at the counter talking to Nick and watching the game after all. He had closed up his theater next door since there wasn't anybody in it.

Muncie lost the Crispus Attacks game in the last minute of play, 71-70. (Attacks went on to win the state championship next week, beating Roomerville of Gary.) There was no parade that Saturday night, and the extra police and firemen went home early. But a community which knows how to boost its high school basketball team knows how to come back from defeat.

"Bitter tears gave way to a feeling of fierce pride in this shocked community," wrote Bob Barnett, popular basketball columnist for the Muncie Star. "Muncie still loved her Bearcats... Never in the history of the Hoosier prep tournament has a loser fought so valiantly." Sunday morning after the tragic game my wife, returning from church, bore encouraging news. "The preacher gave a special prayer," she said. "He prayed for the Bearcats and asked God for strength so that we could all of us play the game according to the rules and take defeat along with victory." (KRO)



"Now that I have emerged victorious I want to thank my trainer, my two seconds, my manager, my sparring partners, Mr. James D. Norris, the boxing writers, Commissioner Harford, the noble referee, the judges, the timekeeper, my literary agent, who is taking offers for my life story, the members of the Bureau of Internal Revenue and my mother, who made all this possible."

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SNOW BUNNIES STROLL OVER TO PICK UP SKIS PARKED OUTSIDE WARMING HUT ON TOP OF STONE'S SPRUCE PEAK DEVELOPMENT, OPENED LAST

SKIING: A BUILDERS' YEAR

All over the nation, men like C. V. Starr—the power behind the amazing growth of skiing at Stowe, Vt.—are putting up new lifts and cutting new trails

by EZRA BOWEN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONI JOSELL



YEAR, SPRUCE OFFERS SKIERS FIVE TRAILS



SUN BEAK AT FOOT OF SPRUCE GIVES VIEW OF THE CROSS-CROSS TRAIL ON MT. MARSHFIELD



WIDE SLOPES PROVIDE PLENTY OF SKIING ROOM FOR BOTH EXPERTS AND WEEKEND NOVICES

In the year 1930 the small village of Stowe, Vt., like practically every other place of prime skiing ground in the United States, did almost nothing about skiing. There were no broad, open slopes or colorful warming huts like those pictured on these pages; and certainly no weekly mobs of snow bunnies—the untalented and semitalented herds that have made skiing big business in Stowe and points west. In those days a handful of New Yorkers and Bostonians, whom the village elders tended to regard as good-natured eccentrics, arrived from time to time to flounder in the lifeless, trailless gorges of Mt. Marshfield six miles away. And then, to the relief of almost everyone, they went away and Stowe settled back once more to its accustomed quiet hibernation.

That was in 1930. Last year, 3,500,000 people went skiing in the United States. More than one hundred thousand of them checked in at Stowe. There is a popular concept

that this growth can be traced directly to public enthusiasm for a sport that is at once relaxing, challenging, and exhilarating. The concept is 100% correct. However, it ignores the other moving force, and that is the businessmen, some of whom were on those early Spartan expeditions to Stowe, who saw the investment possibilities in the sport and were willing to back their vision with hard cash.

The wintery names are well known—Averell Harriman of Union Pacific and Sun Valley, Walter Paepcke of Aspen and Alec Cushing (81, July 11) of Squaw Valley, the newest of the ski tycoons. The biggest man in the East, however, and a man who has a way of winding up a giant in any field he enters, is comparatively unknown. He is C. V. Starr, a world-ranging businessman. Starr took up skiing 15 years ago for fun and wound up owning the lion's share of the stock in the \$1.5 million skiing plant which he and

continued on next page



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so now I'm drinking Red Cap . . .*

Carling's **RED CAP** Ale



THE BEST BREWS IN THE WORLD COME FROM CARLING'S

SKIING: A BUILDER'S YEAR

(continued from page 4)

the Austrian skier-into, Sepp Ruesch, developed.

As ski resorts go, Stowe is big; and by most standards, the Mt. Mansfield Co., Inc., which owns virtually all the property in the immediate ski area, is big business. Its assets include, among other things, two chair lifts, two T-bars, six restaurants, four inns and 4,000 acres of land in the snow trap formed by the steep slopes of Mt. Mansfield, the south slopes of Spruce Peak and the west slopes of Madeline mountain, and the intervening valley called Smuggler's Notch.

Of the 13,000 shares of common stock now outstanding in the tightly closed Mt. Mansfield corporation, Starr owns more than 9,000. In spite of these impressive statistics, Stowe is, by Starr's business standards, small potatoes... much more of a hobby than a life's work.

MAN WITH A CALLING

For Sepp Ruesch, however, the ski business has been a life complete. As a young man in Linz in upper Austria, Ruesch was national cross-country champion and four times upper Austrian champion in downhill, slalom, jumping and cross-country combined. To support himself in those days he worked as a salesman, designer and buyer for a sports-equipment company in Linz. At night he went to a business school and, in between, somehow found time to pass the stiff government examination for ski instructors.

In 1934, just after he won his national cross-country title, Ruesch and some of his racing cronies were recruited to coach the renowned Austrian ski team. "You boys with all your championships," said the man. "Why don't you get out and use your experience instead of racing until you die?" This seemed like a fair question to Sepp, who scraped up a list of 80 or 90 small-ski clubs in the U.S. and wrote to each one of them, applying for a job as instructor. He got four replies, the most promising from Stowe. So in the fall of 1936 he boarded a boat for the U.S., arrived with an agreement from the Mt. Mansfield Ski Club which promised room and board for the winter, the magnificent salary of \$140 a month, a 50-50 split with the club on any money above \$100 a month and a free ticket back to Linz.

Sepp's first impression of Stowe was hardly favorable. There was no lift anywhere. The CCC, under the un-

ing of Perry Merrill, the Vermont state forester, had cut three narrow trails—the Nose Dive, the Chin Clip and the Bruce—but wandered through the state-owned forest on the east face of Mt. Mansfield. There were only four inns in the entire territory catering to skiers. And the day Sepp arrived, Dec. 10, 1936, there was very little snow.

"This was like a lost territory," he recalled. "I looked around and I said to myself, 'Okay, I'm in America, but

House. From Christmas through mid-April, the rope grossed \$1,000 at 25¢ a ride. The Sepp Ruesch Ski School, made up entirely of Sepp Ruesch's gaze, 1,100 lessons at one dollar apiece, the ski club picked up another \$1,500 through the sale of hot drinks and ski equipment. The Lodge, a rustic inn about 300 yards from the tollhouse, took in about \$5,000 from visiting skiers. Total income for the entire Mt. Mansfield ski operation during the winter of 1936-37: \$9,400. Supported about \$1,100, plus a degree of ill will from some locals who did not care for



MEN OF VISION. Skimeister Sepp Ruesch (right) and Businessman Cornelius Van Der Starr, first realized Stowe's potentialities, invested \$2.5 million to develop it as a ski resort.

where in the skiing?" A few days later he was looking. Climbing the mountain on a private toll road that ran from his quarters in the tollhouse's outcrops to the Mt. Mansfield Summit House, a summer inn which still sits at the top of the mountain, he took his first run in America. "I skied the Nose Dive in new powder snow," he continued, "and I saw this was not so bad. A little wider here, a little this, a little that. Later I looked to myself a map. I saw—my gosh—New York, ski trails, creeks. And I realized all you got to have is trails, time, time."

How easy to get all these things was not easy. That first winter Sepp and the ski club put up a rope tow on pasture land rented from the Mt. Mansfield Hotel Co., owners of the Summit

House. The notion that a foreigner was making money by running skiers up and down the sacred face of Mt. Mansfield.

That summer Sepp went home to Austria, fetched himself a bride, Hermann, and came back to Stowe. In spite of the presence of a new wife, the winter was gloomy. Business improved slightly, but skiers were scarce, money was scarce, relations with some of the natives deteriorated and, to top it off, Sepp broke his leg in a spring race. By summer he was ready to abandon Stowe to take an offer from Yellowstone National Park, but the Mt. Mansfield Hotel Co. came to the rescue with a proposition that kept him in Stowe and, hence, probably saved the future of skiing in the Mt. Mansfield

(continued on next page)

SKIING: A BUILDER'S YEAR

(continued from page 31)

area. Under the new agreement, the hotel opened up another rope tow, widened the slope, built a small restaurant, enlarged the ski shop and made Sepp for all practical purposes the manager of the Mt. Mansfield winter operation with a contract that awarded him 20% of the profits. Furthermore, all profits from the ski school, now expanded to three men giving group lessons at \$3 a day, private lessons at \$5 an hour, went to Sepp Raschp. This was a little more like it.

The next fall, in 1939, the operation really began to roll. The Lodge was bought for \$25,000 by George Morell of Morristown, N.J., and guest capacity was doubled. Two new trails, the Lord and the S-S, were cut. But most important, a group of New York businessmen, headed by Radio-broadcaster Lowell Thomas and Roland Palmedo—an investment banker who had made some of the pioneer ski trips to Stowe—began to negotiate with the state for permission to build a chair lift to the top of Mt. Mansfield.

There were howls of protest from the same villagers who had been against Sepp and his ski operation from the beginning and some angry mutterings from a few hunters and nature lovers who hated to see trees cut down for a lift. But the protests were overridden. A company was formed, the Mt. Mansfield Lift, Inc., capitalized through the sale of stock to \$90,000.

"I know," said Sepp. "I bought

\$400—magnificent." The lift went up—5,330 feet long, the biggest in the country at that time. A warning hut called the Octagon was built at the top. At the bottom the state of Vermont put up a warming shelter and restaurant and cleared a parking lot.

The new lift opened Nov. 17, 1940. "I remember that very clearly," said Sepp. "It was my birthday. The lift got stuck. There was 49 newspapermen dangling in the air for over an hour. Blinding snowstorms. Finally we had to pull them down with ropes, like the *Wolfschiffer*."

MAN WITH THE MONEY

In spite of this unhappy beginning, the new lift successfully carried 57,268 passengers at 60¢ a head in the winter of 1940-41. The ski school had grown to a strength of 10. The Toll House Inn, now rebuilt as a ski lodge, did a gross business of \$48,000, and the rest of the development prospered accordingly. That was the condition of Stowe when the war broke out; and it was still the condition of Stowe at the end of the war when C. V. Starr arrived in town and asked for a private skiing license from Sepp Raschp.

Sepp took the new pupil over to the mountain. This being a normal weekend in Stowe, they waited an hour and a half for a ride on the chair lift. Starr asked why the lack of uphill facilities? Sepp had a ready answer: lack of money. Starr had a ready solution: his

money; and after a decent interval he loaned Sepp \$28,000. Sepp threw in \$8,000 of his own, got another \$24,000 from the local stockholders of the Mt. Mansfield Hotel Co. By the winter of 1947 there was a 3,000-foot T-bar lift since lengthened to 4,000 feet on Mt. Mansfield. There were also five separate companies running the ski business—the hotel company, the chair-lift company, the T-bar company, the Lodge and the ski school.

Such a chaotic arrangement sat poorly in the mind of C. V. Starr. Fortwith he produced \$75,000 and bought 3,500 acres of sking ground—practically everything not owned by the state or by the hotel. He moved into the Mt. Mansfield Hotel Co., increasing its capitalization from \$50,000 to \$325,000 (majority stockholder: C. V. Starr). The hotel company then bought out the chair lift for \$300,000; absorbed the ski school and the T-bar; and the whole was reincorporated as the Mt. Mansfield Co., Inc., Sepp Raschp, Vice-Pres. and Gen. Mgr.

"So then," said Sepp, "we had everything under one company except the Lodge." That fell in November 1949 to the tune of \$250,000. The next year a 2,600-foot T-bar went up on Spruce Peak. The Toll House Inn was improved to the point of charging \$8 1/4 a night; a swimming pool, tennis court and golf driving range were added to the Lodge for summer guests.

There was one more project that needed financing, a double chair lift complete with trails, restaurants, etc., on Spruce Peak. Cost: \$750,000 plus another \$250,000 for improvement in the entire area, a loan that C. V. Starr preferred not to float alone. To get the money, he and Sepp worked the final miracle in the conversion of Stowe. They got the local Vermont banks, some owned by the original antiskii New Englanders, to come across with a loan of \$800,000. Starr matched it.

That finished, for the time being, the construction of ski facilities, and the Mt. Mansfield Co., Inc. settled back for a brief period of leveling off. This past year, the first in which the Spruce chair was working, the company's profits were handsome. From a gross income of \$1,136,776.68 the corporation took in a neat 6% gross profit—and immediately plowed most of it back into improvements on the buildings and ski slopes.

Last week at his penthouse apartment high above Fifth Avenue, the 63-year-old Starr wound his legs through the rungs of a dining-room chair, rubbed his jutting jaw with a



George Arnold

NEW SKI FACILITIES BUILT FOR AMERICANS

surgically clean hand and reflected on the success of his hobby. Plainly, he was pleased. "When we came to Stowe," he mused, "there were five companies all fighting each other. Now they're all together, purring like kittens. And," he added, "I believe we're the only big ski resort that makes money."

Then he put the record straight on why he was in the ski business.

"I wasn't seeking any publicity, and I don't want any. I try to stay in the background; and I believe my manner is quiet." Starr's voice, as he said this, was indeed quiet and controlled.

He continued: "I'm just an angel, a backer. Really there is no difference in having a yacht, or a racing stable, or an actress, or a ski resort. It's no more expensive. But my business has very little to do with skiing." He gestured across the room to Sepp Rueschp. "Sometimes I find a man who has an inner fire—a man who is perfectly in his métier, his orbit. And when I do, I back him." He pointed to Rueschp again. "I picked you," he said softly, then turned to the listener, "and Sepp isn't the first. In my own business I've backed some of the greatest young insurance people. And," the hand again sweeping the air, "I've never been wrong—so far."

It was obvious from the nature of Starr's dwelling, from the quality of the food served and from the staggering \$100 million per year in premiums that is taken in each year by the worldwide insurance empire, that Starr had made few mistakes in picking his business lieutenants. And it was equally obvious that he had made no mistake in picking Lieutenant Sepp Rueschp.

For Sepp, too, the ski business has been an unqualified success. Instead of living in a talkieeper's hut, he and Hermine and their two children now own a handsome 16-room house at the base of the mountain. Instead of running a one-man ski school, he now occupies the seat of pine-paneled office that holds the president of a multi-million-dollar corporation.

And the local Vermonters? They have been converted, almost to a man. The road from town to the bottom of the mountain is dotted with inns and ski shops, none of them owned by the Starr interest and all of them making money from skiers. In the surrounding countryside there are an estimated 2,000 beds that will be filled weekends and holidays from Christmas vacation till the end of Easter. And the income which skiing has brought to the village of Stowe has been estimated at \$2.5 million a year.

CLM R

BODGE RIDGE, Calif.: a new Poma lift, 2,200 feet long, rising 600 feet. Capacity, 1,800 per hour; cost, \$15,000. Area has also poured out another \$145,000 for two rope tows, a new water system and a sun deck and to enlarge parking lot, base station, restaurant, ski shop.

COLD SPRINGS CHALET, Calif.: \$175,000 chalet complete with J-Bar lift scheduled to open this month.

CISCO, Calif.: a 1,450-foot Poma lift with capacity 800 per hour, costing \$25,000. Also a 2,000-foot Austrian lift.

DONNER SHI RANCH, Calif.: a double chair 2,000 feet long, rising 150 feet. Capacity, 800 per hour; cost, \$120,000.

SIERRA SHI RANCH, Calif.: a 2,600-foot Poma lift rising 600 feet, capacity 900 per hour.

MANMOUTH MOUNTAIN, Calif.: rope tow being replaced by 2,200-foot double chair rising 550 feet. Capacity, 800 per hour; cost, \$120,000.

HEAVENLY VALLEY, Calif.: a 4,800-foot double chair rising 1,600 feet. Capacity, 600 per hour. This is first of three chair lifts which eventually will rise to 11,000-foot summit of Mount Mansuet Mountain. Total cost of first lift and attendant trails: \$180,000 plus another \$45,000 for lodge, ski shop, bar and dining room now going up at base of lift.

TABLE MOUNTAIN, Calif.: at Big Pines, a 2,250-foot Poma lift with 750-foot rise. Cost, \$50,000; capacity, 1,200 per hour.

BLUE RIDGE, Calif.: also in Big Pines area, a 2,640-foot double chair to carry 650 skiers per hour up vertical rise of 480 feet.

INNOQUALMIE, Wash.: a Poma lift, 1,000 feet long, with vertical rise of 300 feet and capacity of 1,100 skiers per hour. New restaurant under construction, and 50 more acres of slopes cleared. Total cost, \$80,000.

STEVENS PASS, Wash.: uphill capacity of resort increased 50% by double chair 1,900 feet long with 250-foot rise on beginner's hill, by installation of new rope tow at top of main chair and by three new motors attached to old rope tows. Total cost, \$80,000.

WHITE PASS, Wash.: new resort near Yakima offers 3,200-foot double chair with rise of 1,500 feet. Capacity: 600 per hour. Also a 1,500-foot Poma lift.

MT. HOOD, Ore.: at Timberline Lodge, a new double chair lift 3,300 feet long with 560-foot rise and per-hour capacity of 900 skiers. At Mt. Hood Ski Bowl two electric rope tows, 700 and 400 feet long. Also a new lodge with warming facilities on highway.

TADE SKI VALLEY, N. Mex.: ambitious new ski area backed by group of Texans including Pro Footballer Donk Walker. Area opens December 25, will have two Skidali T-bar lifts. One is 885 feet long, rises 200 feet, the other is 1,000 feet long with rise of 500 feet. Expert run beginning at 11,500-foot level on Mt. Wheeler reached by shuttle bus or snowcat.

BRIGHTON, Utah: a \$100,000 double chair, 3,800 feet long. Vertical rise: 725 feet. Capacity: 900 per hour.

SUNSHINE VILLAGE, Ariz.: a 2,000-foot T-bar rising 500 feet and costing \$50,000. Capacity is 300 per hour.

SLIDE MOUNTAIN, Nev.: near Reno, 14,000 feet of rope tows added. New run made to connect Big Bonanza and Central Valley.

HIDDEN VALLEY, Col.: two platter pulls, 2,200 feet and 1,300 feet long, rising 190 and 425 feet. Capacities 600 and 300 skiers per hour. Warming hut and eating facilities now open; skating rink, bobsled run being built by National Park Service.

WOLF CREEK PASS, Cal.: near Monte Vista, a 2,500-foot Poma lift with 750-foot rise and capacity of 340 per hour. Also a parking lot for 100 cars.

TERMA ALTA, W. Va.: a new area with two rope tows and a 1,800-foot slope.

WEST TREMBLAY, Que.: a 2,850-foot Constant T-bar with vertical rise of 680 feet. Capacity 900 per hour.

LAUREL RIDGE, Pa.: a new combination T-bar and chair lift. Length is 2,000 feet, capacity 800 skiers per hour. Cost to the builder: \$55,000.

LAKE PLACID, N. Y.: a Poma lift at Scott's Cobble 1,332 feet long with 308-foot rise and capacity of 800 per hour. Cost to the builder: \$55,000.

Another Poma lift at Paws Ridge.

BROWNLEY, Vt.: a Poma lift 2,190 feet long with 400-foot rise and capacity of 900 per hour replaced rope tow in East Meadow. Rest rooms at halfway point. Ski shop and checking room facilities doubled.

DREMO, Vt.: near Ludlow, two Poma lifts, one above other. Lower lift, 1,840 feet long, Upper lift, largest Poma lift in country, measures 6,200 feet. Total rise: 1,800 feet.

MT. SNOW, Vt.: a 2,800-foot double chair on top half of mountain with rise of 1,800 feet and capacity of 1,100 per hour opens four-two-mile runs. Improvements worth \$90,000 put into access road.

NOGBACH, Vt.: a 1,700-foot Poma lift with 300-foot vertical rise and 1,000 per hour capacity. Two new trails—Great White Way, Molly Stark—also opened.

INTERVALE, N.H.: at 1,800-foot Poma lift. Also a new 400 by 400-foot area cleared at top, and baby-sitting service is now available.

MT. CRAWFORD, N.H.: a 2,200-foot double chair with 605-foot rise and 800 per hour capacity at East Slope, across new Haines-Schneider recreational trail and 25-acre practice slope. Rope tow on South Slope also being replaced by 1,800-foot Poma with 450-foot rise, 800 per hour capacity.

MT. PLEASANT, Me.: near Bridgton, Maine's first chair lift—a double chair 4,250 feet long with 1,200-foot vertical rise.

SUGARLOAF MOUNTAIN, Me.: near Kingfield, a 3,800-foot T-bar with 880-foot rise and capacity of 450 per hour.

FOR MORE ON SKIING, TURN PAGE TO SNOW PATROL AND SKI TIP

SNOW PATROL

COMPILED BY MORT LUND

LS—depth of snow on lower slopes; ES—depth of snow on upper slopes; TD—total snowfall during the week; TW—total snowfall during the weekend; CD—closed during the week; CW—closed during the weekend; CL—closed trails on slopes

EAST

Stowe, Vt. Tuff Road, Standard and Tupper Road trails open on Mt. Mansfield. Working and Tupper slopes open on Spruce Knob. Mansfield chair running daily. Spruce chair weekends. LS 7 to 9, US 11 to 14, TW 2, CW 1,000.

Mad River Glen, Vt. Chair starts Dec. 17, fair skiing on Catamount, Percipine, Chipmunk and new Bumpy Hop trails. Brightly colored ski pants turning up on slopes. LS 4 to 8, US 5 to 13.

Mt. Snow, Vt. Lower rope line open, lower chair to run as soon as heavier resort snows. LS 9, US 12 to 24, CW 150.

Big Bromley, Vt. Area will open Dec. 17 if new cover warrants. Wild Rose Restaurant has added sun deck with serving counter overlooking slopes.

Eastern Slopes, N.H. At Cranmore, South Slope and new East Slope open. Skimbleshoe made first run last weekend. New chair lift to start Dec. 17. LS 3 to 5, US 4 to 5, CD 1,000, CW 500. At Black Mt., T-bar reopens weekend. Chair will operate Dec. 18. At Thru Mt., lift opens Dec. 28. At Intervale, Pomaize to open Dec. 28.

Green Mt., N.H. Area closed until more new arrives. Postmaster jump for Junior Nationals completed. Major reconstruction on U.S. Highway 3 route from to Boston.

Belmont, N.H. Chair and T-bar not running, but ropes operated on Viking and beginner's slopes. Snow Instructor Tommy School will head ski school here.

Mt. Tremblant, Que. Sky Seesaw and Lower Lifts Thomas opened. LS 11 to 15, US 28 to 31, TW 8 to 10, CW 200.

La Chapelle, Que. All lifts operating. LS 30, US 15, TW 18, CW 1,000.

Aspen, Colo. T-bar opened Dec. 9, LS 32, US 15, CW 250.

Snow Ridge, N.Y. New T-bar scheduled to run Dec. 17. Pomaize and open slowly running. LS 4, US 6, CW 2,500.

Whitcomb, N.Y. All lifts closed but upper mountain skied by a few climbers. LS 3 to 5.

Laurel Ridge, Pa. T-bar operating. LS 2 to 5, CW 1,000.

MIDWEST

Bayview Mt., Mich. Official opening Dec. 28. New Skisnow lodge and outdoor lounge being completed.

Big Mt., Mich. T-bar operating daily on open slope. LS 3 to 4, CW 300.

Terry Peak, S. Dak. Stewart Slope rope opened. Chair will run Dec. 18. Nordic Olympic quad here Jan. 7-9. LS 21 to 32, US 26 to 32, CW 150.

WEST

Alta, Utah. Open since Nov. 19 with best powder runs on Aster and Wildcat. Collins II extended to level of Germania III base. New shelter at top of Collins. Girls wearing more red ski pants than last year. LS 17, US 37, TD 23.

Big Horn, Utah. All trails open. New double chair will open Dec. 17. LS 61, US 10, TD 12, CW 2,000.

San Valero, Idaho. Official opening Dec. 17. Early six kids already racing. Golden and Baldy. New open run on Baldy, the Hobday, starts from Baldy Run. LS 5, Baldy, US 34; Round House, US 8 to 25.

Aspen, Colo. Dyerer U. team is testing here for new Nordic National alpine training camp for juniors opens Dec. 14 with Dave Lawrence and Gale Spence as coaches. Downhill weather

with full slopes a new and popular Dam on slopes. LS 15 to 28, US 30 to 40.

Argushee Basin, Colo. All slopes open. Early lift. New Ski School gave lessons to 1,600 last weekend. Harbison ski patrol reorganizing. LS 33 to 37, US 38 to 40.

South, Alaska. Lower Pine and Memorial Bowl all excellent. North American National. New 15-room Timberline Lodge open on Mt. Norquay. LS 6, US 1, CW 1,200.

Santa Fe, N. Mex. Open slope lift and two running, all over lifts closed. LS 13, US 24.

Big Mt., Mont. Multiple Mile, Red Rearing and Hope Slopes have packed powder. Pomaize trails and shorter skin gaining favor. LS 21 to 28, US 24 to 30, CW 240.

Titan Pass, Wyo. Rope tow servicing early skiing here. LS 29 to 33, US 39 to 38.

PAC WEST

Squaw Valley, Calif. All lifts open. Good skiing on Head Wall, Great White Way, Sunset. Henderson has best packed powder. LS 16 to 24, US 5 to 14, CW 300.

Big Bear, Calif. Lynx and Snow Summit closed for lack of cover last weekend. Artificial snow, made with opposite spray system, used by 1,000 skiers at Snowridge during week.

Mt. Hood, Oreg. Henry ran turned snow to wet park last weekend. New chair chair scheduled to operate Dec. 22. Austria's Papa Gold, late of Sierra, is now Timberline instructor. LS 70 to 72, US 18 to 20, CW 1,300.

Shrews Pass, Wash. Area open weekends only. Jennifer Hart, Roy, New Kennedy and 18 others out of field of 30 named to Seattle Jayco racing team. LS 40 to 45, CW 300.

Mt. Baker, Wash. Baker kept most skiers in lodge, although a few warming ponchos, were out on Heather Trail and Justin Pass. LS 34, CW 200, CL, CLC, RAC.

Grease Mt., Calif. Lower chair, Blueberry Chair closed. Head and Baldy metal ski popular. LS 30 to 45, US 24 to 40, CW 900.

Saddle Mt., Nev. Chair and rope tow running weekends, daily operations to start Dec. 27. Big Bonanza Run last skiing. LS 12 to 20, US 10 to 24, CW 400, CL—Gold Run, Silver Dollar.

SKI TIP

by FRIEDL PFERFER

Coach, U.S. Olympic Ski Team

THE HEAD OF THE WOMEN'S ALPINE SQUAD EXPLODES THE OLD MYTH ABOUT CHOOSING SKIS BY HEIGHT. IT'S YOUR WEIGHT THAT COUNTS



FRIEDL PFERFER

The old idea of judging the correct length for new skis—that is, by stretching your arms over your head to see if the skis reach from the base to the center of your palm—is absolutely wrong. This method of selection started in the Scandinavian countries where skis were used mainly for transportation. Traditionally all Scandinavians, however, pick their skis for downhill running, and by selecting according to their own height, they almost invariably end up with a ski that is too long and too heavy.

The longer a ski is, the harder it is to handle, not only in turns but also in straight downhill runs. In turns, the extra length and weight of long skis force you to work

harder in order to swing them around. In a downhill run the long ski gives the skier much more leverage on your foot. Hence, when a ski gets out of line, it is jerked out from under you much more strongly, whereas a short ski can sometimes be forced back into the proper line by pressure from the leg muscles.

For these reasons the length of new skis should be judged not in relation to the height of the skier, but according to his weight. A girl who is just a beginner, if she weighs less than 125 pounds, should buy skis 6 feet 3 inches long. An intermediate girl weighing less than 125 pounds should have a ski no longer than 6 feet 6 inches.

For a man in the beginning stage, weighing under 145, 6 feet 6 inches is long enough. Men 145 to 160 pounds can use 6 feet 9 inches. Men 160 pounds and over may take 7-foot skis. But as one who is not a really advanced skier should buy 7-foot 3-inch skis.

There are two other factors to consider. The number, or space between the skis when they are held butt-to-butt, should be no less than two fingers and no more than three. And the index of flexibility, sometimes marked on the ski in pounds, should be as follows: for a 120-pound skier, 28 pounds; 150—28 pounds; 180—30 pounds; 170—32 pounds; over 170—34 pounds.



"SAVE QUIET! PHEASANTS AND DOG" BY JOHN JAMES AUDUBON

PRIVATE CLUB COLLECTIONS—NO.1

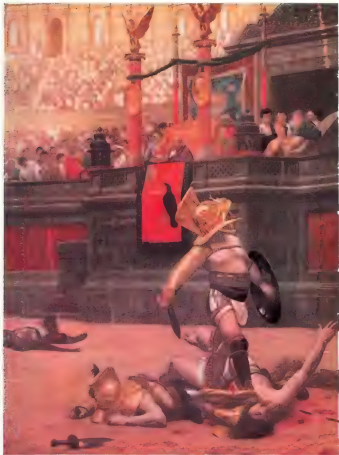
THE RACQUET CLUB

SI presents the first in a series of notable collections of sporting art



"THE SECOND GREATEST MATCH CAME FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP" shows the Athletic Baseball Club of Philadelphia playing the Atlantics of Brooklyn in 1866.

A vast amount of the sporting art of the world hangs in private clubs, seen only by the members and their guests. The paintings and prints reproduced on these pages, part of the New York Racquet and Tennis Club's collection, are in the massively handsome stone clubhouse on Park Avenue. Chosen to open this series of art from various clubs of note throughout the world, they form a medley of sports of varied types and periods that reflects the range of interest of the sportsmen members. The Racquet Club was founded over three-quarters of a century ago and in the intervening years many brilliant sports events have been held under its roof. The art that hangs on its walls includes such paintings as the Audubon (above), given to the club by Stephen C. Clark, and the Gerome Gladstone (next page), loaned by Ambrose Clark.



"THE GLADIATORS" is a masterpiece of realism by Jean Leon Gerome, great 19th century French classicist. The grippingly dramatic moment of this deadly sport, when a victorious



gladiator turns to his audience for a verdict of life or death to his opponent. (see story on next page). Is brought vividly alive here in the sun-scorched, blood-stained arena of a Roman despot.



"LAST HORSE RACE BEFORE CHARLES II" was run on level ground at the foot of the hill surmounted by Windsor Castle. Racing is still held there each year.



"COLONEL MORDAUNT'S COCK MATCH" is from Zoffany's famous painting done in Lucknow, India in 1780. The colonel watches from his canopied couch.

ROME'S GAMES OF DEATH

For 700 years gladiators met in mortal combat in Rome's haphazard arenas. Few lived to retire, but some became great heroes

by **MORTON M. HUNT**

Marius was a favorite name among gladiators, who fought from 264 B.C. to circa 404 A.D. The following account, based on available historical fact, pictures one Marius who, unlike the fallen warriors in Grosse's painting on pages 56 and 57, was spared by the galleries

THIS time I have him," thought Marius. Sword raised high, he ran after the net thrower, down whose left leg blood streamed. And then it happened: Marius stumbled on a dagger handle half hidden in the sand and fell to his knees. Swift as a snake, Pilodamus whirled about and in one smooth motion flung his coiled helmet; the knotted strands fell squarely over Marius' head and arms, tangling him helplessly. In a moment of dreadful clarity, Marius studied the harts of the trident (a three-pronged spear) aimed at his belly, and then there was a terrible white flame inside him as the net thrower thrust home.

Marius cursed his carelessness. For two and a half years he had been choking down the bitter nausea as he marched into the arena to kill or be killed; only six more months and he would have won his release. Then a mere two years of noncombat service and he would have been free, perhaps even rich and respected.

With strange detachment, he studied the sweating face of Pilodamus—Pilodamus, his cellmate, drinking companion and friend, who gazed down now with a torn look and seemed to say, I have no choice, Marius, it is not up to me. It is your life or mine. Marius turned and looked at the crowd that filled the amphitheater, talking, remonstrating, eating and shouting—the people who had cheered his victories, yet who might now throw his life away as lightly as they spat out the seeds of the plums they were eating.

Marius heard a score of eager voices cry out, "Jugula [Slay him! Jugula!]" Slowly he lifted his left hand with one finger raised in the traditional gladiator's plea for life. The answer came: a swelling thunder of shouts—"Mille [Let him go! Mille!]"—and the bright flashing of thousands of arms uplifted, thumbs pointing upwards. Pilodamus lowered the trident, and a great wave of relief swept through Marius; he was nearly disgracefully sick as the slaves carried him gently off.

Marius was fortunate. Far more often the crowd would

decide the other way and shout for the death of a disabled gladiator; then the victor dared not hesitate, though the wounded man be his brother. He must instantly strike the life from the prostrate fighter, and receive victory with an impassive face. Only a little more than half the gladiators who marched forth in the morning would sit around the supper table that same night.

Little wonder then that the job of the gladiator was not, by and large, one that men chose voluntarily. Marius' story was typical: he had been captured, and along with hundreds of his countrymen had been marched to Rome where he was singled out for gladiator training at one of four special schools.

The trainers, powerfully built themselves, decided on the basis of physique which men would be trained in which styles of fighting. Marius was to become a Samnite, and would fight with straight sword, helmet, light body armor and a large oblong shield.

Not only was he trained in the specific ways to fight a fellow Samnite, but also in the considerably different techniques of fighting against a net thrower, a spear caster, a horseman and others. In the final months of training, Marius worked with double-heavy iron weapons, compared to which the real arena weapons would be light.

His cell was a cubicle of stone, his mattress a straw pallet. For his well-being, slave women were offered him from time to time, special slaves massaged him after each day's training and his diet and health were watched over by fine physicians. But discipline was severe; when any gladiator broke a training rule, or cursed at the ever-present soldiers, he might be whipped unconscious and thrown into chains for weeks.

Newcomers soon acquired a tough veneer of calm. Many at first went through torments of despair and emerged numbed and inexpressible to the fierce pain of fear. Others imitated the stoicism of their captors.

In any case, around the mess table they loudly and ribaldly talked of success and what it might bring. If a gladiator fought well and pleased the crowd, his name would become a byword overnight, and his ability a matter of interminable table talk. As he marched through the streets to the arena, he would see his name scribbled on

continued on next page

ROME'S GLADIATORS

continued from page 10

the walls with fond epithets like "the maiden's sigh." If he cut a fine muscular figure, he might be paroled out at the wish of influential ladies to enjoy their food and wine. Despite their lowly estate as prisoners, gladiators were great public heroes.

Many months after his arrival at the school, Marius was finally ready for combat. The night before the games, he and the entire troupe sat down to a sumptuous banquet, while curious citizens were allowed to file through and watch the fighters gorging themselves. Wine flowed freely, and the food was rich.

The next morning they marched under guard to the mighty Flavian Amphitheater. A huge throng of spectators had filled the upper stands since before sunrise, while the elegant marble seats of the lower stands were occupied by patricians. On the north side, the emperor sat on a throne of gold and ivory, surrounded by his family and aides. On a fine day, there would be 55,000 people in the arena.

Straight and proud the gladiators marched in, the ceremonial gold-embroidered robes of purple falling to their ankles, the beech helmets gleaming, the burnished breastplates showing through the folds of the cloth. As they passed the imperial box they

raised their right hands and intoned the famous phrase, "Hail, Emperor, we who are about to die salute you!"

Back at the sidelines, they stripped off the robes and girded on their weapons, arm-plates and greaves. Busy officials examined the weapons to make sure all were razor-sharp. Then selected gladiators indulged the crowd with mock combat, using wooden weapons and demonstrating the various techniques of attack and defense.

The crowd leaned forward hungrily; hundreds of bright handkerchiefs were waved at one favorite or another.

VIVE LA DIFFERENCE!

The Romans relished a match between men equipped and trained to fight in different ways. Marius' fight would please them. As in the fight in which he was saved from death, now in his first he faced a *Retiarius*, a net-and-trident fighter. His opponent, a Briton, wore only a short tunic and armor on his left arm and shoulder. In one hand he carried the carefully coiled net, roped to his belt, and in the other the long trident. He had to be quick, for he dared not meet the helmeted and armored Marius on equal terms. His strategy was to feint Marius into casting range of his net. Marius feigned a turned ankle, then kept sideways as the Briton cast his net. Before he could pull it back and run with it, Marius slashed the rope that he would draw it

back with. Now the netman was without his one really dangerous weapon; he had only trident and dagger. The crowd howled for blood.

Slowly and deliberately Marius moved in on him, and the Briton, knowing the futility of flight, stood his ground and prepared to fight with the clumsy trident. It was easy for Marius—a few rushes, the trident parried, a short stab to the Briton's belly, then another through the throat, and it was all over. The crowd cheered. The emperor leaned over his box and handed Marius a green palm frond of victory—Marius' first.

After the bout, slaves rushed in to drag away the body and to sprinkle clean sand over the bloodied areas. In the stands other slaves hung out handfuls of free nuts, pears, pastry and cheese. Other bouts followed—horsemen with spears against javelin hurlers in two-wheeled chariots, archers on foot against swordsmen on horseback, heavily armored gladiators fighting blindly under visored helmets.

Such was the amazing Roman arena. The turnover in gladiators was high, but the source of supply was nearly inexhaustible. The games, as they were called, started in 264 B.C. as a part of funeral rites. For a long time the wealthy ran their own schools, and then in the last days of the Republic, Roman generals, consuls and tribunes, after political power, staged great free games for the common people.

By the time of Claudius (41 A.D.) there were 56 game days given at public expense each year, most of which involved gladiatorial fights (there were also chariot races, beast fights, burnings and the like). Mighty Trajan in 105 A.D. gave the public 123 continuous days of games to celebrate his victory in Dacia; nearly 10,000 gladiators fought during this series.

A typical three-day spectacle given the public to honor some victory or to celebrate the election of some ambitious man cost about \$80,000, and even under the rule of the temperate philosopher-emperor, Marcus Aurelius, total expenses for public gladiatorial games ran \$8 million a year, while private citizens hired perhaps another \$16 million worth for private parties.

The Romans seldom thought of the games as horrifying. Eloquent Cicero wrote that "no better discipline against suffering and death can be presented to the eye." The records leave little doubt that Marius and his cohorts would have preferred to test the efficacy of Cicero's observation from the safety of the stands. **CHB**



"He's saving to buy a piece of a kangaroo!"

COLUMN OF THE WEEK

by FURMAN BISHER

THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION

GEORGIA'S GOVERNOR GRIFFIN
IS ADVISED THAT POLITICIANS
OUGHT TO STICK TO POLITICS

GEORGIA TECH goes to the Sugar Bowl as originally scheduled. The state's battle line of segregation is as clearly drawn as before. Nothing has been accomplished. I hate to think of what the average Georgian must look like to the average citizen of Spokane, Wash. or Duluth, Minn. or Montpelier, Vt. or even to those of Birmingham, Jacksonville and New Orleans. You can't escape being one of the mob, even if you think differently. All of us look the same to those people, for this unrightly mess is the work of the people we elected to office.

I like to feel that there is a certain democracy in sports that is found in no other field. This has been a blistering intrusion of that field by some politicians who chose to pitch their grabby battle on sports grounds.

Sports belong to everybody. Everyone has a leisure hour and it is his private property. In Governor Griffin's trying hour last week he and his son got away from it all on a hunting trip. This is sport. Birds aren't racially discriminating. They'll fall for a black man's shot as well as a white man's shot, if it hits the mark.

This intrusion took a swipe at everybody, for in some way or another everybody in the state will have his right to choose the kind of sport or pastime restricted. Certain unlegislated barriers between white and colored races will always exist. Common sense and social custom dictate these. In the field of team sports, however, there is no violation of these barriers.

To the contrary, sports have been a leader in establishing a better understanding between all races. There is no point here in bringing up the contributions of athletes like Jesse Owens, Fritz Pollard, Harrison Dillard, Joe Louis and even Jackie Robinson, contemporaries as he is at times, to our stature as the outstanding sports nation in the world. But they are part of the record, and we speak proudly of our superiority in the Olympic Games.

Despite assurances from Regents' Chairman Robert Arnold that Tech or Georgia could play "anywhere they are invited," there apparently were clauses

in the board's ruling that might make it a big gamble for the Sugar, Gator or Orange Bowl to invite either team.

The Sugar Bowl, of course, fell a victim of circumstances. But never in the past has Georgia or Tech been required to get the governor's permission to play a football game. How is it, then, that President Van Leer should have called Governor Griffin and requested permission this time?

Georgia never asked permission to play St. Mary's, including John Henry Johnson, in 1950 or Pennsylvania, including Ed Bell and Bob Evans, in 1952. Nor did Tech ask permission to play Notre Dame, with Wayne Edmunds and Dick Washington, in 1953.

NO WOLVERINES IN ATHENS

Now it can be told that a prospectively bright football series with Notre Dame was cut to one game in South Bend, Ind. The Negro athletes of Notre Dame couldn't be invited to play on Grant Field. Georgia plays Michigan in Ann Arbor in 1957, but can't invite the Wolverines to Athens.

Mixed participation on the athletic field is an old thing, even in Georgia. Negroes have played in the Sally League for four seasons. They've been established in the "grass roots" Georgia State League for two seasons. The day this Augusta group wired Georgia Tech in protest of the Sugar Bowl match with Pitt, the Augusta baseball club purchased a Negro outfielder. The principles are badly confused.

It is unjust that Georgia Tech, Van Leer and Bobby Dodd should be innocent victims in this discouraging affair. I was delighted that Georgia students rose up and joined arms with Tech in protest, though the method of expression certainly was questionable.

It stands, though, that they are in it together to this extent: that whatever goodwill the two schools have achieved on the athletic field has been virtually wiped out by this distasteful case of political interference. We would all be ever so grateful if the political axe-grinders would carry their business elsewhere and leave the playing field to the players.

(E.R.)

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LEARNING FROM THE FOX

continued from page 31

feet. For these features he had an alibi, saying that the devil had sorely afflicted him; everybody else knew that the affliction came from frequent potations of port. Because of the gout, which made walking difficult or painful, he hunched after every snowfall in a sleigh drawn by a fast horse. Being thus handicapped he could take his stand only at a road crossing, where he might be heard cursing his luck or his gout or his horse when he arrived at the crossing too late by a minute, only to hear the chase pass with a sound as of trumpets and bagpipes over a wooded hill where he could not follow.

On a December day when I was fishing with homemade tilts through the ice of Turnpike Pond, my eye alert for the dip of a red flag while my ear followed a trail cry that had been sounding near or far since early morning, the Squire's hunting sleigh came tearing down the pike. At the pond's edge he pulled up, with difficulty because his horse was fighting the bit. Over the ice came his bawling summons, "Hey, you boy! Come here! On the jump!"

With alacrity I went, hoping for adventure more thrilling than that of fishing, though the pickers were biting well.

"Has that fox taken the bridge crossing?" roared the Squire, cupping hand to ear for my answer while I was yet 40 yards distant.

"No, sir. And he won't take it, not today. He was on the runway, all right; but the crows mobbed him, and he turned back into the pines where they can't see him. The hounds must have jumped him in—"

"I know where they jumped him, for I was there," blustered the Squire. "In the Moss Blackington woods, on the Watery Hill road. Where is he now?"

"He's heading for the bar crossing, this side the Tucker farm. But he'll go 'way round the pond before he shows himself in the open again. The hounds are hot on his trail. That dog Trump you bought from Wally Franklin is in the lead. The others are alone behind and bunched. Hark to 'em, Squire. They're running with heads up, whooping glory hallelujah."

Over the Squire's face, reddened by pelting full tilt into a cold wind, swept a change, a softening, a look of vast relief. "Thank you, thank you, thank the Lord for a coming fox hunter," he breathed. "Jump is here, boy, quick.

Never mind the tilts. I'll buy you a barrelful if you show me that crossing before the fox gets to it."

In a half minute I was beside him and we were flying down the pike. Hoof-driven clouds of snow whizzed by our heads like flashed quail. Around a corner we slowed on one runner, and charged up a mile-long road at a hard gallop. All the while, an hour it seemed, the clamor of hounds drew nearer, grew louder, until even the Squire could hear it. "Pull up, pull up," I yelled in his ear. "There's the crossing, just ahead."

WHUMP WENT THE GUN

While the Squire was getting his gouty foot from under the buffalo robe and reaching for his gun at the same time, I had a blanket on the steaming horse and was holding him by the bridle with plenty of trouble on my hand. Any horse, even an old plug, gets excited by the hunt and wants to join the clamoring hounds. This blooded brute was on fire, jerking at the bridle, until suddenly he stood as if carved from stone, head high, ears cocked, eyes lit by an inner flame. In a pasture lot to our right a fox had blossomed out on the snow like a gorgeous flower unfolding its petals. On he came at an easy lope, straight through the barway into the road. Two jumps would have carried him into the brush on the other side; but he made only one. Whump bellowed the gun, four drama of black powder, and whump the second barrel. Through a cloud of smoke the Squire was hobbling forward, as fast

as one good and one gouty foot could carry him, when the enormity of his offense swept over me. Forgetting all respect for age I yelled at his back, "Hey, you, stop it! You're breaking the rules."

Well he knew the unwritten law, that a dead fox must not be touched until the hounds have had their turn, but now had for the moment completely forgotten it. Like a man caught chicken stealing he turned with a grin that seemed to widen from ear to ear. "Thanks, boy, for reminding me," was all he said. At his shot the hounds had instantly ceased to clamor. Leaving the trail they came straight to the kill, every tongue silent. The older hounds thrust a nose into the neck that for hours had held them in a spell as of ecstasy; when the younger had "mussed" or worried or shook the fox, each to his heart's content, they all lay down to roll on their backs in the snow.

And then the old Squire came limping back to hold up for my admiration his first fox of the season—no pale-colored vixen but a big dog fox in the splendor of winter pelage. "Boy, you are now and forever a fox hunter," said the chief of the clan, with solemnity, it seemed to me, as if it were a ritual. At the words "now" and "forever" he tapped my left and right cheek with the fluffy brush of the fox. So in olden times did royalty confer knighthood by the tap of a sword. In the Squire's face, from which age lines had vanished as if by magic, I saw with wonder what could not then be put in words—the eternal boyishness that sportsmen find in their hearts when they drop work and worry to go afield with rod or gun on their precious day off. (KWB)



CHELSEA REVISITED

Sir:

I enjoyed your article *Prologue of Fliniana*, Mr. Liebling, in his scholarly essay on Stillman's Academy (SI, Dec. 5) but must take exception to a line honored but surely fabulous "canard" covering that bout between Jack Johnson and Sam Langford, the Boston Tar Baby, in Chelsea, some 20 years ago under the shadow of Bunker Hill. . . . I had a ringside seat and all that happened was that somewhere in the early part of the fight Jack knocked Sam cold, but . . . Sam was given an interminable count. "One—what's your mamma goin' ter say when you comes home. Two—think of that chicken, your sister is cockin' etc. etc." . . .

After this "smack-out d'estime" (if Prof. Liebling can lead with a zéro d'estime I'll counter with this), which didn't count as no one shouted according to Hoyle or Queensberry . . . nothing happened and Jack won easily. . . .

I knew Jack in Madrid in 1918 and asked him about this story, which Sam by hypnotic repetition may have come to believe. Jack concurred with my reporting from ringside and shrugged it off without realizing as one of those "occupational hazards." . . .

There was a whole phalanx of fine Negro heavyweights in Paris around the 29s, Jack Johnson, Jim Johnson, Sam Langford, Sam McVey, Joe Jeannette, etc. McVey, a magnificent looking man like a Zulu chief was on a boat coming from Australia which was intercepted by the Evénier. He went below and into the coal bunkers where he disguised himself as half a ton of anthracite, or so they say, and got by. . . .

Perhaps in his next installment Prof. Liebling will produce another debatable *essai de lit* (he seems to like these imported touches)—that someone opened a window in Stillman's. Another "impossible" barrier broken, like the four-minute mile and the 60-foot shotgun. . . .

WALDO PEIRCE

Tennon

● Waldo Peirce, revered as the last of the Bohemians and one of America's great painters, has done some of his bravest sketching on envelopes addressed to friends. SI is happy to be counted one of them (see cut). Mr. Peirce's ringside recollections of the Johnson-Langford battle differ from other observers, who saw Johnson, and not Langford, dropped to the canvas. The fight took place in 1906, a year notable in Mr. Peirce's strenuous life for his suspension from Harvard for "intemperance and general sloppiness," to quote more Peirce recollections.—ED.

I KNOW THE MAN

Sir:

. . . What Mr. Liebling has written is an excellent picture story of authenticity. Few know the locality about which the article is centered or the boxing beat better than he.

I enjoyed the material, particularly so



PEIRCE'S VERSION SHOWS REFeree COWING LANGFORD A SLOW EIGHT COUNT

because of my knowledge of the man—Stillman—and the environment.

NAT FLEISCHER
Editor, *The Ring*

New York

THE WONDER OF THE SPORT WORLD

Sir:

. . . To me New York means Stillman's Gym and Radio City Music Hall. I felt quite at home reading Liebling's story as I knew Jack Curley, Lou Stillman, Freddie Brown, Whitey Rinsolin, and the rest.

When I had my YMCA boxing team on route to West Point to box the Army platoon, Stillman's Gym was a must stop. Jack Curley introduced the boys to the champions who were training there at the time. Stillman's Gym is one of the wonders of the sport world.

And when Lou Stillman announces the names of the boxers entering the ring to box, it sounds as if he has a bank of balloons in his mouth.

BLANKFORD (BLANKIE) JONES
Pottsville, Pa.

THERE IT WAS

Sir:

Having read your article *The Island Wanderer*: Sea Road South (SI, Nov. 28) I want to compliment you on this complete and interesting story of the trip.

I have been seriously thinking of such a trip for two years only not in such a large boat or at such expense, and have . . . looked for stories on this route everywhere I could. Then, along came my SI and there it was. I did not know it was so well marked and traveled.

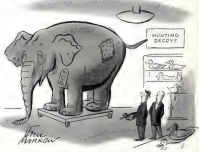
What I would like to know, since you have been there, can I travel this route safely in a 16-foot boat, powered by a 15-hp outboard motor?

ALAN R. SALKELD

Pittsburgh

● If Mr. Salkeld keeps a careful eye on the weather he can make the trip safely. Smaller craft and even canoes have done it.—ED.

continued on next page



"Needless to say, our buyer is no longer with us!"

OTTAWA'S MAGIC

Sir:

Here is a modification of the hidden ball trick play, described in SI's Dec. 5 Yachtman, *Marvin's Magic*. The play was mastered successfully in a game between Topoka High School and Ottawa High School, during the fall season of 1922, at Topoka, Kansas.

... The Ottawa team had two guards with large "hips." They shifted the left guard so he would be side by side with the right guard. ... The quarterback lined up close and directly back of center, and the backs lined up in tandem fashion, directly behind the guards.

When the ball was snapped the quarterback slyly handed the ball to the halfback, closer to the star ends of the two lipped guards, and he stood hiding the ball, while the remaining two backs took off to the right on an end sweep, with the quarterback faking a run with the ball. The two guards held for a moment or three, then opened the gate, and the halfback with the ball scooted 40 yards, unmarked and unswayed across the goal while most of the Topoka team chased the Ottawa quarterback. Final score 7-0, Ottawa.

Once we tried putting the ball on the ground behind the guards' feet, somewhat as was done in *Marvin's Magic*, but got caught, so modified the strategy to the play described above.

WILLIS L. JACOBS, M.D.

Los Angeles

ON THE SPOT

Sir:

Of all the spectators who "saw" Vanderbilt's hidden ball play against LSU in 1907 (SI, Dec. 5), the photographer who took the picture of Greer Hickerson running down the field for a touchdown and I were closest to the magical game on.

We were fooled. Like everyone else, including the officials who had been tipped off in advance the play was coming, we swung our gaze to the opposite side of the field where Dutch Reinhardt was being moved under behind the line.

I think it was the Season photographer, the late John E. Hood, who was the first to spot the ball earlier. He recognized it was time to snap the memorable picture you used.

I've talked a number of times to Bill Hays, Dutch Reinhardt and Dr. Rickerson and they substantiate Fred Russell's explanation of the play. But 100 different spectators that day at Dudley Field would give you 100 different versions.

GEORGE LEONARD

Nashville

● It was indeed John E. Hood of the Nashville Banner to whom credit should have been given for the picture of Guard Rickerson on his 50-yard run.—ED.

FAMILY DISPUTE

Sir:

I am an avid SI fan even if you make minor goof-ups, as you did in *Ducks* at Deer (SI, Nov. 28).

Upon close observation of this Washingtonian's World picture, you will note that

the flock of "slapping ducks" is not really ducks but actually coots, commonly called mud hens. Perhaps if one looked much closer, one might find a duck, a real duck that is.

Although a coot is a waterfowl, it is not a true duck. It does not have webbed feet and it does not have a bill. Instead it has a beak like a robin or a crow. Its feet are like that of a chicken with small rows of tube along either side of each toe to facilitate swimming and walking in soft mud. Technically it falls in the family Rallidae, whereas ducks fall in the family Anatidae.

BOB MURRAY

Debuque, Ia.

● Correct. By the dawn's early light SI's caption writer saw ducks where he should have seen coots.—ED.

THE THOUGHT THAT THROCKLED

Sir:

I was rather astounded to find in SI November 28 my telegram to the Trojan football team of Southern California. "Dear Trojans. Here is a little power thought. Formulate and stamp indelibly on your mind a mental picture of yourselves as succeeding. ..."

Naturally the wire was sent to the Trojan team, but its very forceful words, quoted from Norman Vincent Peale's book on positive thinking, could have trickled across the hall to the Bruin dressing room. It did accomplish its purpose for there the words are true and workable. I am happy about this but sorry it did not work for (as you say) the "Dear Trojans."

MISS LESLIE WALSH CRAIG

Los Angeles

WE AGREE, WE HEARTILY AGREE

Sir:

Thanks for the wonderful article *To See the Hunt: Shoot More Deer* (SI, Nov. 21). As a deer hunter for some 36 years, I have watched the controlled "deer harvest" with much interest. At first I, like many hunters, was dead against it. Now I, and I feel the majority of rational Washingtonians, are for it 100%. After seven or eight years of controlled deer hunting, I know from my own observation that our deer herd is bigger and healthier than it was when I moved to this state 15 years ago. I, and the fellow hunters with whom I have had contact, feel that our excellent Game and Fish Department is sound, on the right track and doing a wonderful job.

The doubters will scream about a slaughter of the innocents. But my father, who hunted many years in Wisconsin, taught me that all wild game comes to a tragic end. God put game on earth for the benefit of man. It can kill quickly and mercifully and always in God's sight. The truth is, and I have seen it many times, that the vulnerable deer are the small ones. The big does and bucks will account for themselves. We have had examples of literally hundreds of small deer starving to death when the heavy snows drive them to congregate in the valleys. Four years ago I saw, in the deep winter snows, the slopes of our beautiful Methow Valley literally covered with starved small deer. They too are the choice of the cougar and the coyote. The Washington Commission wisely feels it is better for hunters to hunt these deer than for anyone

to feed or feed carcasses. We hunters agree. My 12-year-old son, Davey, who drew a doe permit and shot his first deer this fall in the Methow Valley, a nice 2-year-old doe, heartily agrees!

FRANK J. O'KEEFE

Wenatchee, Wash.

A MILLION FISH BUCKET

Sir:

... The theory that wholesale slaughter of deer is necessary in disguise ... is parallel to the battle waged by conservationists through the years against selfish interests who have wanted to cut protected virgin timber and generally despoil the comparatively few remaining primeval acres of national park land—all in the interest of making a fast buck.

In this instance, hordes of dedicated hunters recognize the theory as a make-or-buy argument—in the interest of slaughtering a million fast bucks.

Remember it was wholesale slaughter of wild life to the verge of extinction that brought conservation laws into being in the first place.

STERLING B. SWETZER

Columbus, Ohio

● Neither J. Burton Lauckhart, the Washington State game management chief, nor SI advocated "wholesale slaughter of deer." Mr. Lauckhart's theory, as explained in SI, is that failure to harvest the increase beyond a deer range's carrying capacity means exposing the entire herd to malnutrition and possible starvation.—ED.

NO FRUSTRATED INTELLECTUALS

Sir:

We feel that the article *We Like to Win* (SI, Dec. 5) can be easily misinterpreted to give the impression that the Hamilton athletes have a negative attitude toward winning. This is far from true.

Whether athletes are de-emphasized, emphasized, or left alone, the desire to win is as basic as the mind of the Hamilton man as it is in that of any athlete. As evidence, in the past four years we have had three winning football seasons. The athletes at Hamilton is expected to perform well academically as well as athletically, and we are very proud of this fact. We have issued many of good students who have the desire to win and the ability to do just that.

The impression the article left with most of us was one of indignation. We are anxious to have it known that we are not a group of frustrated intellectuals sheltered by administrative policy, but rather men governed by a will to win that is more deeply motivated than that of any "play for pay" athlete.

We don't have to win, but we do want to win.

JOE O'BRIEN

CARL HANSEN

Co-captains

Hamilton College football team
Hamilton, N.Y.

WE POINT WITH PRIDE

Sir:

We Hamilton College lettermen wish to supplement the recent article concerning athletics at Reed-Brown College.

It should be noted that Hamilton Col-

legs enjoys a better-than-500 record in intercollegiate competition, even though a majority of the colleges with whom we compete are considerably larger in enrollment. We attribute this accomplishment, which includes this year's five football records, predominantly to the strong will to win of men who came to Hamilton with all-round abilities, not with athletic skill alone.

... We fully realize the college's policy toward athletics, but this does not mean that we don't play each game with strong determination and spirit.

We are proud that Hamilton can offer a fine education plus a chance to play on a good football team to any man who has sufficient ability along both these lines.

PETER ECKEL
President

The Black "H" Club of Hamilton College
Clinton, N.Y.

THE REAL MRS. HAENSEL

Sir: In SI's Oct. 31 "Bright Fash" SPORTING LOOK you describe one of the ladies shown as being Mrs. Walter Haensel of Kloten, Switzerland. It was a fine picture, but unfortunately not of Mrs. Haensel. Mrs. Haensel is an excellent skier and designer of after-ski clothes, and I am sure her many friends would like to see a picture of her.

JULIUS ANDRE

New York



MRS. WALTER HAENSEL

See above for a picture of the real Mrs. Haensel.—E.D.

MY MAN OF THE YEAR

Sir: As the year is coming to a close, I should like to nominate Dennis Hill, 1935 "president" of the Cambridge Crew as my Man of the Year. Dennis, as you may remember, had been ill for a month or so and was dramatically inserted at Bow four days before the Oxford-Cambridge Boat Race, March 26, to replace the indisposed Bowman Brown. Whereas you remember that Cambridge won this Putney-to-Mortlake thriller by 16 lengths, D. Hill certainly did a nifty job with very little previous practice.

JOHN C. ROCK JR.

Boston

SHOW THE WORLD

Sir: Most emphatically agree with the choice of G. A. Remoré (1936 HOLL, Dec. 5) for Sports Figure of the Year: Jill Klamont, who will one day show the world again how it's done, on skis. A more courageous young sportsman has not been born.

T. O. FRACKCOTT

San Francisco

TOPPS

SIR: FOR SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR EARL ZAHARIS CERTAINLY HAS BEEN TOPPS IN ALL DISAPPOINTMENTS. MY VOTE IS FOR HER.

FRENCH LAFORCELLE

Winchester, Mass.

I HAVE A HUNCH ...

Sir: I came on the scene in a year that will always prove to be a milestone in the world of sport—it was the year of the four-minute mile, and Bannister, by being the first to break the four-minute barrier and later by being victorious in "The Mile of the Century" at Vancouver, made his selection as SI's Sportsman for 1934 a virtual certainty which proved correct.

This year there is no hat favorite in the field. Marjano, Fango and Trabert have kept their place at the top in their respective sports, but somehow I have a hunch they are going to be overlooked in favor of one of these "hums" from Brooklyn. I expect to see that Seidler will be your selection as Sportsman for 1935.

FREDMAN M. SLATTERY

Ashe, Co. Kerry, Ireland

SKIMMING DOWNSTREAM

Sir: I enjoy your magazine immensely. Just for the fun of it, however, this is your Dec. 31th issue you speak of Dr. John Oliver La Gorce going homefishing at Bim-

bel. I, too, have enjoyed some very exciting fishing in the Bahamas, principally off Eleuthera. Over there they tell you very politely that you go bonefishing in a democracy. But when you go after those silvery flashes of lightning, you go bonefish fishing.

JOSEPH W. LARNEY

Litchfield, Conn.

MR. FULLER'S DREAM HOUSE

Sir:

Taking nothing away from Designer Fuller's dream park for Brooklyn's fabulous Dodger, I wonder if Mr. Fuller took into consideration Roy Campanella's tremendous pop flies or the fact that, if the Dodgers win another Series as they did this year, Brooklyn fans are apt to blow the top right off Mr. Fuller's dream ball park.

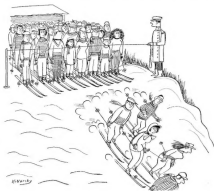
By the way, what did the Princeton graduate students have in mind with two second basemen, unless the nail represents a misplaced angle—or could it be a huge runner stealing second?

Personally I believe Fuller's dream is a thing of the future, but I hope this dream comes true in our time. A ruined-out ball game is almost as discouraging as having a home run hit, with two on, against the home club.

BILL LANCASTER

Clela Vista, Calif.

As a matter of fact, the first comment of Dodger President Walter O'Malley upon peering into the globe was not upon the grandeur of Mr. Fuller's concept, but: "There are two second basemen?" A spokesman for the graduate students who constructed the model said that (as Mr. Lancaster guessed) the second nail was indeed an umpire. As for Roy Campanella's tremendous pop flies, the dome is high enough, according to Designer Fuller, to contain a 30-story building.—E.D.





ANDREA MEAD LAWRENCE

Skier Andrea Mead Lawrence, winner of two gold medals in the 1952 Olympics, combines marriage and a career with notable success. Married to Dave Lawrence, onetime U.S. giant slalom champion, Andy Lawrence is now the mother of three children: Corty, who will be 3 in January, Matthew, 1½, and Deirdre, born this October. The Lawrences live on a 1,460-acre ranch in Parshall, Colo., and besides raising a family and Black Angus cattle, Dave and Andy also squeeze in some skiing. Last winter the Lawrences went to Aspen where Andy tuned up for a month before

the Olympic trials at Stowe, Vt. At Stowe she made her comeback official with victories in the slalom and giant slalom and a tie for first in the downhill competition. At present Andy is in Italy, getting ready for the '56 Winter Games next month while Dave looks after the youngsters. Asked if the problems of long-distance motherhood are likely to affect Andy's chances, Dave replied, "Andy races purely against herself, and when she concentrates on a race everything else is shut off. She drives herself to do the best she can, and there's no reason why that should change."



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